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AUGUST 1984
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From Harry Bruce's
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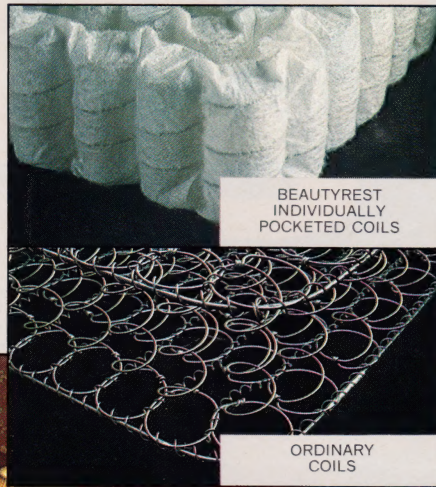
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AUGUST 1984 Vol. 6 No. 8



COVER STORY

When a fire at the heart of Charlottetown cleared out much of the downtown, one local merchant thought what the city needed most was a cultural arts centre. Thus was the Confederation Centre born. Now the home of the incredibly successful musical *Anne of Green Gables* and the Harris Art Gallery, the Centre celebrates its 20th birthday this year. Writer Ann Thurlow recounts the life and times of one of Canada's most beloved institutions for the performing arts.

PAGE 28

COVER PHOTO BY GORD JOHNSON



TRAVEL

North Carolina's Coastal Plain is a land blessed with an expansive shoreline, fertile soil and deep southern hospitality. And despite encroaching modernization, the people of the Plain retain a strong sense of their history and traditions.

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ESSAY

In his essay "The Softball was always Hard, and the Game was always Good" read how Harry Bruce, as a child, introduced softball to some kids in rural Nova Scotia, and how he, in turn, learned something about the meaning of life.

PAGE 24



ART

He may be a slow-moving man with a stammer, but Geoff Butler's *l'art engage* is the art of a man with a profound vision. His explicit, controversial renderings of a doomed humanity are a compelling testament to life in the 20th century.

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CITYSTYLE

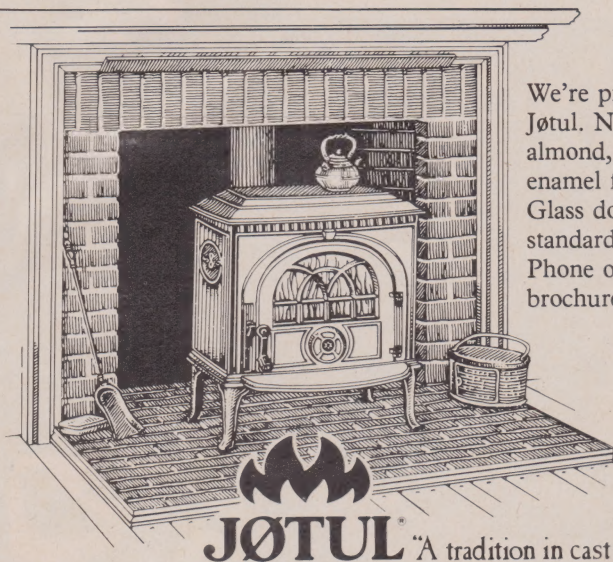
Atlantic Insight

August 1984

**The Commando
Game: Pursuing
the right stuff
in Nova Scotia's
back woods**

Page CS9

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Within the pages of *CityStyle*, you'll find a dedication to discovering what makes this city so special to so many people. You'll find profiles of the people who make things happen here. You'll find articles on theatre, art, night life, restaurants and galleries. You'll learn about the provocative, the off-beat and the slightly crazy aspects of this city. You'll meet people you never dreamed lived here. You'll read about events you thought only happened in "big" cities like Toronto and New York.

In upcoming issues of *CityStyle* look for our new CityWatch feature, an invitational opinion page by people who know and love this city, and who have either an axe to grind or something to celebrate. *CityStyle* is your magazine. It reflects your concerns, your delights, your style. Let us know what you think about the stories we publish. In fact, let us know about anything at all having to do with your life in this city. We'll print your letters in our CityForum section. Write to *CityStyle*, c/o *Atlantic Insight*, 1668 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S., B3J 2A2.

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CITYSTYLE

The little station that could

For years, CKDU has been broadcasting unique, experimental music to the university community. Now CKDU revenue manager, Kieth Tufts wants to take that sound to Halifax listeners. Odds are, he'll succeed.

Hidden behind his enormous desk in an office strewn with unopened files, half-empty bottles of pop, half-eaten sandwiches, outdated Halifax-Dartmouth city maps, broken tape recorders and nameless bits of radio hardware, Kieth Tufts, the nail-biting, fast-talking, 23-year-old revenue manager of Dalhousie University's CKDU campus radio station is, by his own account, high executive material. "I'm successful," he says. "I have a lot of respect from the people I work with. I have a substantial amount of freedom. I am, what you might call... the torpedo around here."

In fact, he just may be right, if not modest. In less than two years, he's almost single-handedly transformed CKDU from a tiny after school project in the attic of Dalhousie's Student Union Building into a burgeoning enterprise of 90 full and part time volunteers with expected revenues in 1984 of nearly \$240,000. And now, only days after his appointment as revenue manager, Tufts may soon see his "baby" licensed FM to broadcast throughout Halifax's metropolitan area. If that happens, CKDU will become the first campus radio station in the province to break into the commercial market.



Kieth Tufts: Playing a totally different kind of music

"Am I proud? Am I excited? Sure I am," says Tufts. "I've committed myself to seeing this thing through. I've committed myself to five years here. But, you know, this has been a long time coming."

The heart of CKDU since its quiet beginnings in 1969 has been its dedication to alternative rock music. It imported cool jazz and experimental or underground music long before "Eurobeat" became the staple of North America's latest pop wave. Broadcasting throughout the Student Union Building and originally into the residences, it built a cult following among university students and a high, if not widespread, reputation among commercial stations for innovative programming. If there was a problem in all of this, it was simply that CKDU's largely unpaid staff never hung around long enough to give the station the durability it needed to compete in a professional arena. Students graduated, dropped out, moved on, taking their ideas and expertise with them. CKDU actually tried and failed to go FM twice before, once in 1974 and again in 1981.

When Tufts joined the station in December, 1982 as its business manager, he saw a real chance to

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CITYSTYLE

bring CKDU's format to a wider audience. "None of the other Halifax stations were programming precisely our kind of music," he says. "We were in a great position to broadcast a sound that nobody outside the university community had ever heard."

He spent the following months putting CKDU on a business footing, surrounding himself with a loyal staff who, he felt, had a future with the station and who could afford to work long hours. He analysed every revenue and expenditure, every on-air program, the performance of every deejay and every album in the station's record library. By early spring of 1983, he and his staff had come up

with a coherent programming policy.

Meanwhile, Tufts queried the CRTC about CKDU becoming an FM station and set up a task force of station staffers, students and local media and community representatives to analyse the proposition.

In March, 1983, he approached Dalhousie's Students' Council, CKDU's governing body, for permission to make the station FM. This would amount to Council granting the station control over all business, programming and promotional policies. CKDU would be effectively autonomous of the university, accountable only to a board of directors, composed of staff, commercial radio executives and

major investors. But he failed to take the matter to a student referendum. And, instead, Council sent him on a whirlwind tour of various Canadian campus radio stations that had made the transition to FM successfully.

"I learned a lot on my trip," Tufts says. "Mostly I was invigorated. I really began to understand the difference between a strictly campus station and a true campus-community station. I knew our plan was good and what we could do if we were given a chance."

When a student referendum early in 1984 finally approved the CKDU plan, Tufts formally applied to the CRTC for an FM license that would allow him to broadcast from the roof of Dalhousie's Physical Plant Building using a low power 50 watt transmitter. That would give the station a radiating power over most of Halifax's metropolitan area, except Bedford.

"We're just about ready to go now," Tufts says. "We've got our staff and our format. We've jumped some major hurdles and we're just waiting for notification one way or the other. We're not overly optimistic. There are some risks involved because our programming is so eclectic."

In fact, it looks as if most of Kieth Tufts' troubles are behind him. Linda Daigle, regional analysis officer of the CRTC, says that while "no decision has been reached," the CKDU application was "really well done," and that Tufts was "obviously quite familiar with the procedure for application."

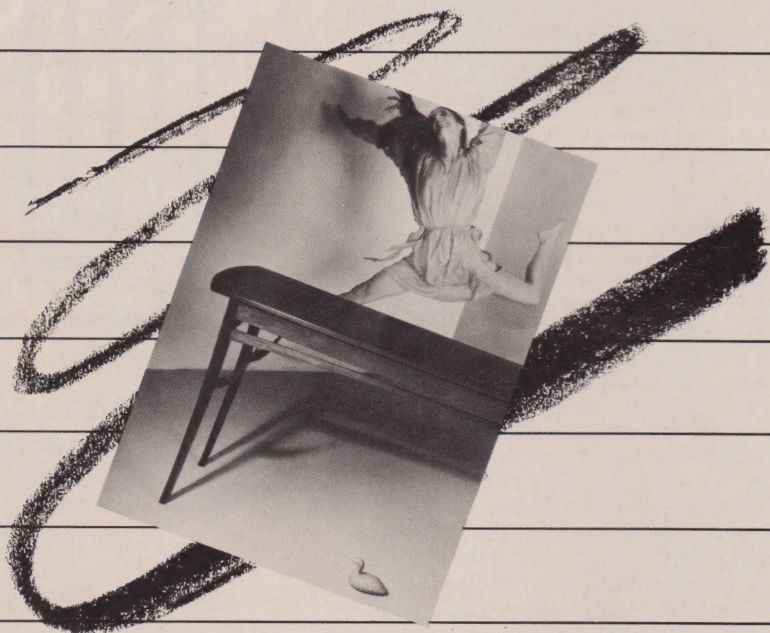
Moreover, Tufts has gotten great support from Halifax's commercial radio stations. Barry Horne, program director of CI00-FM, actually sits on CKDU's board of directors. "The station is designed as an alternative," Horne says. "Its aim is to provide really different radio for the market. Kieth is aggressive. He knows what he wants and he goes for it."

Such expressions of good will from the radio community probably have more to do with CKDU's low advertising budget than with anything else. The station receives over 80 per cent of its operating revenues from the Dalhousie Student Union, and offers very little real competition to the other stations in the market.

Meanwhile, Tufts isn't sitting tight. He's just received a Student Council grant of \$150,000 for renovations to the station. He plans to double the floor space of the office and add two new sound-proofed studios. He expects CKDU to be on the air by early fall at 97.5 on the FM band. When that happens, he says, Halifax listeners will be treated to a "totally new and exciting sound."

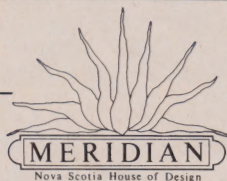
— Alec Bruce

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CITYSTYLE

Greeting the Pope through art and music

With his Ars Sacra celebration, Robert Dietz plans to give His Holiness a gift straight from Nova Scotia's cultural heart.

by Alec Bruce

When His Holiness Pope John Paul II arrives in Halifax next month, he'll be alone save for the company of a few loyal Vatican officials. He'll meet quietly with delegates of Nova Scotia's various cultures: Chinese, Black, Irish, English, Scottish, Mic Mac, Lebanese, German and Greek, to name just a few. And, of course, he'll consult with representatives of the local Roman Catholic Church. He'll have nothing to do with businessmen, bureaucrats, security men and government officials. He'll wander freely through the city's streets, visit art galleries, attend open-air concerts. He'll even stop occasionally to chat with passersby. Toward the end of his visit he'll make his way to the Halifax Commons where he'll address a crowd of Catholics, Protestants, Muslims, Buddhists, Hindus, agnostics and atheists from an altar made of two boulders pulled from the sea and still smelling of fish and salt. He'll speak of brotherhood and peace. He won't speak of religion, but of faith and spirit. And he'll say that art is at the heart of every thriving civilization: That art is what makes men seek God.

This, at least, is how Robert Dietz, Halifax art patron and gallery owner, would fashion things if he were in charge of the Papal Visit.

"I know it's a pipedream," Dietz admits. "Nobody in charge would ever conceive such a simple, beautiful greeting for the Pope. And, really, what voice do I have?"

But if Dietz knows his is just a cry in the wilderness, that hasn't prevented him from celebrating the Pope in his own special way. If everything goes as he expects, come September he'll be staging in Halifax the only sacred art festival — called *Ars Sacra '84* — on the Papal Tour. The festival, designed as a two-week "celebration of spirituality

and creativity," will feature specially commissioned artworks on religious themes by about 35 N.S. and P.E.I. artists, and a new Papal fanfare, the first in over 450 years, by a Halifax composer (see sidebar).

"I'm not getting anything out of this," Dietz says, "except the satisfaction of knowing that at least a few of us will be receiving the Pope the way I think he would like to be received. And I feel you've got to do this thing right, or not at all."

In fact, if anyone in Halifax is qualified to pull off such an ambitious project, he is most certainly Robert Dietz. Born in West Germany in 1924 and educated at a monastery school, he ex-

perienced, first hand, the Nazi horror. Jailed for pointing to a portrait of Hitler and Goering on a schoolroom wall and declaring, "Christ is missing," and again later for distributing pastoral letters objecting to the killing of the mentally retarded, he was released into service on the Russian Front in 1942. After the war, he entered a monastery, but soon wearied of what he thought was the licentiousness of some of his fellow monks. In 1951, he came to Halifax with no money and few prospects. To get by, he shovelled snow, cleaned switches for the CNR and nursed patients in the city's old mental hospital.

"What I've experienced in my life has made me understand the importance

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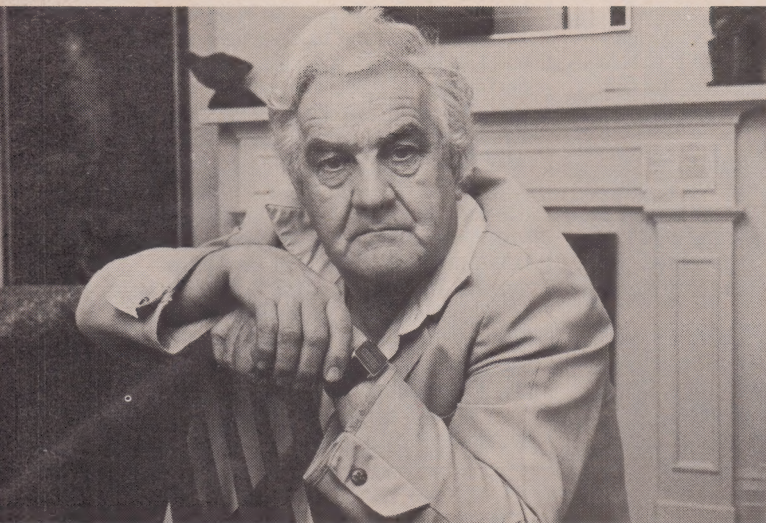
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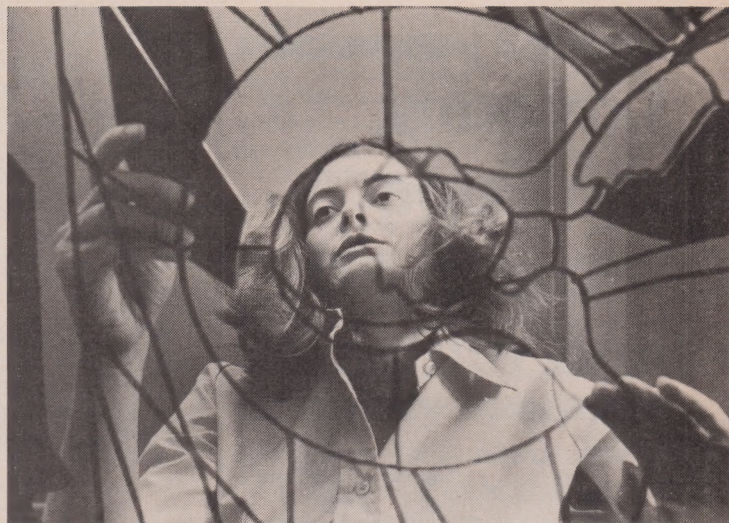
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Dietz: Celebrating the human spirit.

of spirituality in everyday life," he says. "You've got to be tough to get by, but you've also got to be open-hearted. It's not enough to go to church and be a good boy.

Dietz enlisted in the Canadian Army and there decided to become a musician.



Stowe: The crucifix as "intersecting energies"

he taught himself to read music and play the French Horn. After nine years in the Army's Halifax brass band, he left to manage the fledgling Halifax Symphony Orchestra. As symphony manager he introduced Halifax audiences to Bach and Mozart, and booked world class musi-

cians into the symphony hall.

In 1970, he left the orchestra to become the curator of the St. Mary's University Art Gallery. He created a lively and innovative artistic environment, booking regular chamber music concerts and exhibitions for little-known, local

A fanfare for His Holiness

Think of the perfect composer to write the first, original pontifical fanfare in 450 years and Herb Schoales definitely does not come to mind. In the first place, he's a Baptist, born and bred — and not a very devout one at that.

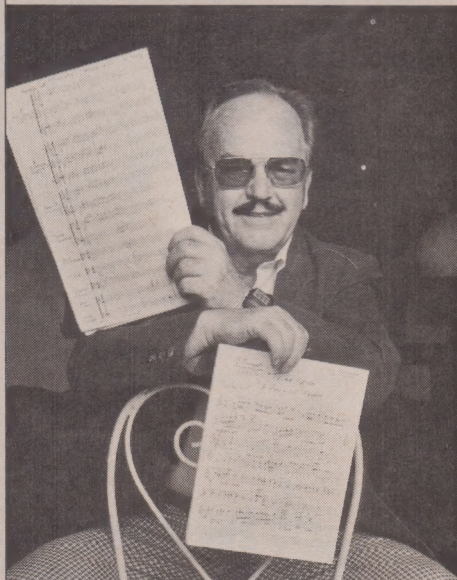
"Somehow you go through life, make important decisions and you decide that organized religion is not the way you want to go," he says. In the second place, he's a jazz trombonist by profession, who has played with most of the big band era giants, including the Tommy Dorsey orchestra.

On the other hand, he just happens to be one of Halifax's most experienced and talented composers.

Born 66 years ago in Providence, Rhode Island, Schoales spent his youth travelling from band to band, building a reputation in the United States for inspired trombone work. In 1946, he entered Juilliard and took a diploma in trombone. Between 1949 and 1954, he was an orchestral bass trombonist with the New Orleans Symphony, the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra in New York and the Boston "Pops." From 1953 to 1976, he was with the Radio City Music Hall Orchestra. After 26 years as an educator, music chairman in Long Island schools, instrumental instructor at summer schools in Pennsylvania, New York and at the University of Vermont, he took up residence in Halifax in 1976.

Since 1938, Schoales has either written or collaborated on several hundred

arrangements for jazz bands, commercials, "jingle dates" and show music. But he wrote his first "serious" piece in 1974, transposing Debussy's "La Cathédrale Engloutie" for the U.S. Air Force Academy Band. In 1978, he wrote a Toccata for Antiphonal Brass and Tympani for the Dalhousie Brass En-



Schoales: "Honoured and grateful."

semble. That piece, he says, started the ball rolling toward his commission to write the pontifical fanfare.

"I really didn't seek the commission out," he says. "When I wrote the Toc-

cata, Jeff Stern, who was then first trumpet of the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra and director of the Brass Ensemble, liked it very much. And Dennis Farrell, a music professor at Dalhousie, was very complimentary. He thought this kind of composing was my forté. And so when Robert Dietz began to look for someone to compose a pontifical fanfare, Dennis told him about me."

The fanfare, a 15-page score to be played when the Pope visits St. Mary's Basilica in September, and soon to be recorded by the CBC, is called *Tu Es Petrus*, (You Are The Rock) and represents the themes present in John Paul's life.

"I had seen the TV story of the Pope's life," Schoales says. "I figured he had sort of a rough life, so I tried to incorporate some of that in the music."

The piece opens with what Schoales calls a "predictable opening for a Hollywood cinema epic" with lots of trumpets heralding the arrival of the king. It then moves into a straightforward Gregorian Chant. "I composed this part with the specific intent of duplicating the medieval sound," Schoales says. It winds up with a series of dissonant chords depicting the tragedy in John Paul's life.

Is Schoales happy with the piece?

"I have to admit," he says, "after you've written something like this, you realize the perfect performance is in the mind, before you actually play it. I'm hoping it'll turn out the way I've envisioned it."

artists. But his crowning achievement was his 1977 sacred art celebration to mark the university's 175th Anniversary. The celebration, really an act of faith, brought together art from all over the world at considerable expense to Dietz, and without much government aid. A review, at the time, on CBC's *Radio Noon* show described the exhibition as "exceedingly well balanced and harmoniously displayed... one you're sure to remember for years."

Dietz left St. Mary's in 1979 to operate his private Dresden Gallery in Halifax.

"Bringing art and creativity to people is fundamental to loving your fellow man," he says. "The cultural bonds are the bonds of our society. The artist can best express the feelings and emotions that underlie these bonds. The artist is the receiver and the transmitter."

Last fall, while reading through one of the Halifax newspapers, Dietz came across a story on the preparations for the Pope's visit. He wondered what Halifax's artistic and cultural community

The celebration would be a visual arts exhibition featuring works on religious topics emphasizing "joy, sharing, peace and love."

was doing to honour the Pope. He contacted the official Papal Visit Committee and discovered, to his horror, that no exhibitions of local art or music were on the itinerary. "I couldn't believe it," he recalls. "I really got mad. I felt unless we did something, His Holiness would miss a vitally important part of Nova Scotian culture."

He got in touch with writer-friend Jim Lotz. And together they launched *Ars Sacra* '84. By Christmas, 1983, they'd set up an organizing committee of local art and musical directors, and had come up with a format, statement of aims and funding.

The celebration would be primarily a visual arts exhibition, featuring only the best work of local craftsmen on religious topics emphasizing "joy, sharing, community, peace and love." The exhibition, supported by the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia and the N.S. Department of Culture, Recreation and Fitness, would occur at Halifax's School of Architecture. All works would be strictly original in such varied mediums as painting, sculpture, glass work and

jewelry. Dietz himself would curate the exhibition.

While the *Ars Sacra* committee was mailing off invitations to artists in all corners of the province and in P.E.I. early this spring, Dietz commissioned Halifax jazz musician and composer Herb Schoales to write a pontifical fanfare. The fanfare entitled *Tu Es Petrus* (You Are The Rock), will soon be recorded by the CBC and played whenever the CBC broadcasts news of the Pope's visit.

Dietz hasn't received as much of a response from the artistic community as he had hoped. But he's optimistic, and it's early yet. "I expect the artists to send me their pieces quite soon. I'm get-

ting an enthusiastic reaction all the way around. I think people are beginning to understand my message."

One artist who has risen to the challenge is Halifax glass-worker Rejene Stowe. She's working on two pieces about which she'll say only that they are in "an abstract vein, utilizing the crucifix as a symbol of intersecting energies."

Stowe, who came to Nova Scotia from the United States 14 years ago, studied glass-work in Germany. She says she is "particularly religious" and she feels Dietz has a perfect understanding of how religious themes can work in a glass medium. "I really appreciate the way he views all of this," she says. "It's the joy of it all, a celebration of human-

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ism and spirituality.”

But she also sees *Ars Sacra* as the perfect medium to branch out artistically. “This exhibition is a way for me to investigate new themes and new techniques. I had talked with Robert (Dietz) about trying out new forms and giving old forms a new face. I have been waiting three years for a celebration like this.”

In the end, there remains only one question for Dietz to answer. Will His Holiness appreciate the effort? “I don’t think there’s any question of that,” he says. “He went through the same war that I did. He had similar experiences. I have a feeling he sees things pretty much as I do. I think the podium under construction in the Commons is anti-artistic. I think the Pope will be offended by it, especially because for all its complexity, it is terribly expensive. There’s beauty in simplicity, you know. But there’s not much I can do about the podium is there?”

Not really. But *Ars Sacra* ’84 may be the best revenge.

C

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by Ken Burke

What am I doing here... Oh God... What am I doing here?"

But it's no good asking myself questions like that. All I can hear is the hollow sound of my boots crunching through the underbrush. Skulking through this dense forest, my jet-black gun is ready... always ready. Out here, there's only one rule: Stay alive.

The other men on my squad — just boys really — are spread out up to 50 yards behind and to the left of me. But you can see maybe half that far in these woods. Beautiful! So I'm the chicken. On our first sweep through enemy territory, I get to be point man.

The minutes tick by like hours. And then, suddenly, from unseen hollows: BLAM ... BLAM ... BLAM. Ambush! In a flash I remember that a running target is hard to hit. I'm in the wind. The air around me is alive with bullets, exploding in the trees, on the ground, inches away from me. I dive for cover behind a rotting tree. I'm safe. I look to see how many of my squad made it. And then ... BLAM. Something hits me hard in the chest. I'm dripping red goo.

But when "death" comes in these Hants County woods, it arrives in the form of a marble-sized, paint-filled pellet. You're not knocked from the ranks of the living; you're knocked out of the game: The Commando or Survival Game, to be precise. And a group of Ottawa entrepreneurs are hoping it catches on in Nova Scotia as well as it has all over North America since its creation three years ago (see sidebar).

According to recent estimates, as many as 10,000 businessmen, construction workers, housewives, ex-soldiers, children — people literally from all walks of life — are flocking to weekend ranges all over Canada and the United States to do battle. The game has become so popular, it has even spawned its own handbook, *The Official Survival Game Manual*, complete with quotations from Samuel Johnson, George Bernard Shaw, a

Greek comedic dramatist, and two guys named Bill Wightman and David Seybold, authors of the official Survival Game Song.

What's the big attraction? Why spend a day knee-deep in mud and foliage only to have some gung-ho GI-Joe splatter you with a red goop that is startlingly realistic? "With me it's all fun," says Graeme Black. He's the 21-year-old co-founder and vice-president of the Phoenix Outdoor Games of Dartmouth. And he plays practically every game he arranges. "Mostly, it's the camaraderie. If you're out there with friends, you sit around telling 'war stories.' And you tend to do this weeks after you've actually played the game. You relive all the great moves you made; and some of the stupid ones. You remember how upset you were when someone picked you off when you weren't looking."

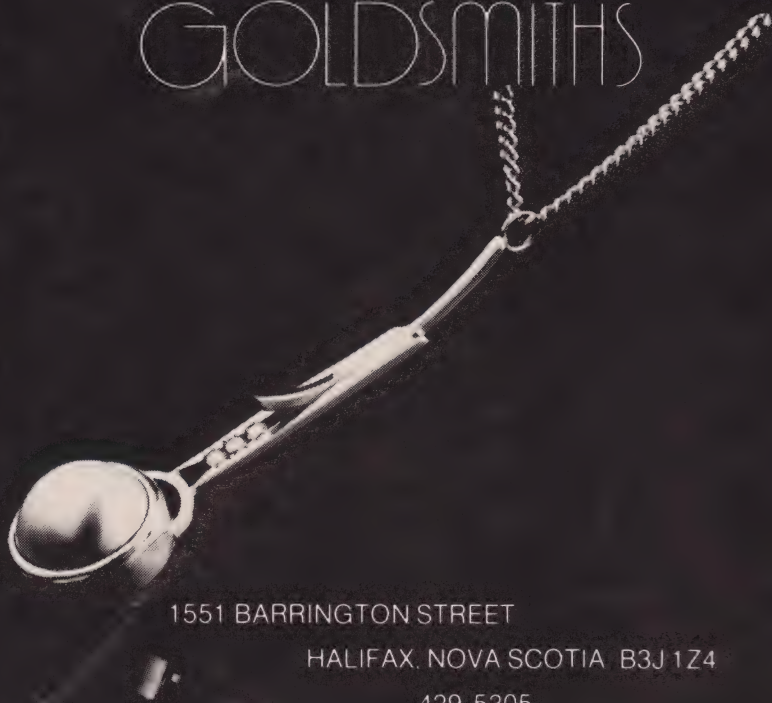
Black likes to compare the game to chess or a long distance form of tag. People who want to play must arrange their day (usually on a weekend) through Black's Dartmouth office in advance. The players, he says, tend to be friends or co-workers, although some people drop by off the street to join in. As many as 30 and as few as 10 can play at one time.

On the Phoenix Hants County range, players separate into two teams, each with a flag to defend. They wear combat fatigues, or failing that, old clothes, and protective goggles. The



Preparing for battle: Too much like the real thing?

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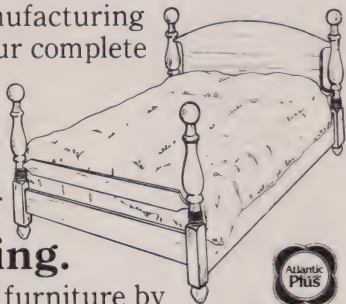
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goggles must be worn at all times. Before the game begins, the Phoenix staff gives the players a quick lesson in weapons safety.

The purpose of the game is to out-fox your "enemy" using the guerilla warfare tactics of stealth and cover through dense underbrush, swamp, a stream and a bottle-neck pass. The first team to capture the other's flag wins.

A day's rental on one Uzi-shaped, pump-action airgun, two CO₂ cartridges, and 38 paint pellets in either red or white colors (the red pellets are,



Graeme Black (foreground): Stealth and cover in Hants County, N.S.

perhaps not surprisingly, in greatest demand) is about \$30. Extra supplies are \$3 per 10 pellets and 90¢ per cartridge. So a chance to be GI-Joe for a day costs the participant roughly \$50.

But those who have played testify the adventure is well worth the money. "The exciting part is the competition," says Nathan Kling, chairman of the marketing department at St. Mary's University. You want to see if you can be better than the other guys. There's also a fantasy-land aspect to the game. You begin to wonder what it would be like in a real

CITYSTYLE

combat situation. You imagine your survival depends on what you do in the field. That adds an adrenaline kick in the whole thing."

Still, critics say the game is less of a game than a training ground to desensitize people to violence. It presents the illusion that war is not hell, but a helluva good time. And though it attracts reasonably well-to-do adults — doctors, lawyers, computer professionals — it also packs in the kids who may not always understand the charm of grownups chasing after one another with handguns.

"Actually, personally, I just wanted to see how I'd react under combat stress," says 15-year-old Brian Kling who plans to attend West Point Military Academy in the United States. "This is as close as I think I'll get for awhile."

On the field, Brian is a natural leader, the deadliest marksman and a cool operator in a firefight. He marshals his men — about 10 Grade 9 boys, dressed to their 007's in camouflage, gear and paint. And they take to the range like hockey players to the ice. After an exhilarating day of stalking, shooting and cursing, the

verdict is unanimous: "It's great. I'll come back." Each boy has "died" several times and lived to pick his friends off a few more times.

Few who play this game see it as anything more than a chance to have some good, hard, aggressive fun. And few have any illusions about what war is really like: "In war, with real bullets flying around, you're going to see a lot of people dying," says player René Gallant. "I don't think that would be as much fun as this. That's for sure."

But then, people have signed up for wars for centuries thinking combat might be "fun."

"We can't educate people as to what war is like," explains Graeme Black. "If people don't realize that war is hell, we can't do much about that. Some veterans think war is fun even after they're home for awhile. There are some pretty strange people in the world. War isn't glorious. It isn't fun. I've never been in a war zone, but I've read enough to know it's... well... just not the thing you want to do. Unless... that's what you like."

After all, this is a free country. **C**

Cashing in on playing soldier

Are country boys better "stalkers" than city boys? No one knows. But that question sparked the growth of an industry.

The Commando Game can trace its beginning back to an argument in 1976 between bodybuilding book author Charles Gaines and New York stock options trader Hayes Noel. Gaines believed that when it came to stalking an enemy, a country boy could outsmart a city boy any day. The argument remained unresolved for many years until the appearance of Nel-Spot 007 marking gun.

The gun had been used for marking animals in the woods when in June of 1981, Gaines outfitted 12 friends with commando gear and set up the rules of the first Survival Game. In that first game, each individual had to capture four flags in order to win. And there were no teams. Soon after, the game received national press coverage in such magazines as *Sports Illustrated*, *Sports Afield* and *Outside*, and The National Survival Game, Inc. was born. Gaines never did discover if country boys were better "stalkers" than city boys.

In 1983, The Commando Game incorporated as a rival company to The Survival Game. But on the field there is little difference between the two.

The Survival Game is a franchise operation, whereas The Commando Game leases out its name, equipment, and territorial rights over new operations to individual investors. Organizations like Phoenix Outdoor Games Ltd. in Dartmouth pay a one-time licensing fee to Commando Games, Inc. of \$5000. Graeme Black, Dave Sullivan and Bruno Cacciotti of Ottawa own Phoenix and have exclusive rights over the game in central Nova Scotia. They also have first refusal of all new operations in the Atlantic Provinces.

Phoenix pays about \$200 per month for 100 acres of underbrush in Hants County, N.S. Thirty acres of this comprise the playing field. The company has also purchased 30 guns custom-made for The Commando Game by Air Gun Game Supplies, Ltd. and about 26,000 paint pellets.

Since opening for business in April, Phoenix has organized regular outings. "We still don't know if it's going to be just a fad," says Graeme Black. "We just want to be our own bosses."

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The American connection



By Alec Bruce

Quick now! What's slower than a lame donkey and smells just as bad? If you said a Halifax City bus, then you're right. Anyone who has waited for one of these technological behemoths knows about Halifax's time-honoured problem of 12 o'clock buses that arrive at 1 o'clock, spewing gases not even a coal miner could stomach. But thanks to a new trade relationship between the city's Metropolitan Transit Commission and an American bus company, all this may soon be a thing of the past.

The Commission has recently purchased 12 brand new, state of the art buses at a cost of about \$1.9 million from the Swedish auto manufacturer Saab-Scania's plant in Orange, Connecticut (see above). The new buses, says Metro Transit Chairman Ed Harris, will improve service all round. "With this purchase, we've increased our fleet to 130 buses," he says, "and that means better service for our customers."

The Scania buses are indeed wonders of engineering. From the company that says it gave the world the first "silent bus," these buses are 21 per cent more fuel efficient, cleaner, larger and faster than their competitors. They move more quickly up a hill, pump out proportionally less carbon monoxide than you'd find in the average cigarette, and are quieter than most passenger cars on the highway.

But the real boon to the Transit Commission, and ultimately to the taxpayer, is the fact that these buses are easy to maintain. They are both lighter and stronger than other buses, made of a latticework of steel tubing, covered with stainless steel and fiberglass panels. The windows are made of reinforced plexiglass and most of the body is covered with a rust resistant material.

The purchase represents a major move by Metro Transit to upgrade and renew its system in the wake of

increased passenger revenues. "The Commission is becoming sophisticated," says Ed Harris. "This purchase was really to keep pace with the latest developments in passenger service."

But even "keeping pace" appears to have its public relations dangers, and far from the Halifax streets these buses will eventually glide down, in Mississauga, Ontario, Don Sheardown, President of Ontario Bus Inc., is fuming over a deal he thinks was poorly conceived at best, and downright scandalous at worst.

"Somebody made a mistake, either at Metro Transit or in government," Sheardown says, "and everybody got into it. No one wanted to take the blame. Everyone was afraid to admit to it."

Traditionally, Metro Transit has gone to General Motors, the largest bus manufacturer in Canada, for its buses. But over a year ago, the Commission decided to call for tenders. "We felt we were getting big enough to look around some," explains Ed Harris.

Four manufacturers responded: General Motors, Ontario Bus, Flyer Industries and the American-based Saab-Scania. From the beginning, Metro Transit and the provincial government were intrigued with the Scania operation. The firm's Swedish parent produced the world's first passenger bus in 1911, and its manufacturing activities included building heavy-duty diesel trucks, regional airliners, supersonic jet fighters, satellites, missiles and electronic systems.

The provincial Ministry of Development opened talks with Saab-Scania, and investigated the possibility of having the manufacturer do some of its bus assembly in Nova Scotia.

Of the four bids, Ontario Bus's was lowest at \$154,000 per bus. Saab-Scania's bid was comparatively high at \$164,000. But, in the end, and after a week-long road test of one Scania bus,

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the Commission decided to go with the American-based company over its Canadian competitors.

"Being a transit operation, our sole responsibility was to award the tender to whichever company made the most economical offer," says Ed Harris. "And there were a lot of considerations beyond the initial per bus cost."

According to Harris, the Scania road test was conclusive. A Metro Transit survey questioned everyone from drivers to passengers to Commission upper management, and produced a 25-page report on the bus's mileage, capacities on steep grades and around corners, seating, safety, noise level and amount of exhaust. The report was decidedly favourable.

Moreover, Scania agreed to do part of its assembly at Tri-Star Industries in Yarmouth. And the provincial government saw this as an ideal opportunity to bring industry to the province and pro-

"We submitted the lowest bid of all the manufacturers, and the N.S. government just blew us away," he says. "They circumvented the normal economic system that strengthens our economy and allows Canadian companies to compete. This is the kind of thing that pushes our industries into the United States where operating costs are lower. Saab-Scania is a new company and it's not going to set up a manufacturing plant in Canada."

But Ed Harris says the deal was intelligent from many perspectives. "The Scania buses are better than the others for our purposes. And we have to think of the long term benefits of such a purchase. The question seems to be: Did

our board have an obligation to buy Canadian? The provincial government didn't put any pressure on us; it didn't make any threats. We simply made a business judgement."

In fact, the controversy appears to have had little effect on the industry as a whole. Anita Cuervo, Marketing Analyst for Saab-Scania, says her company is looking into more Canadian opportunities, and has recently closed a deal in Hamilton, Ontario. But should Halifax's transit commission choose to go back to Canadian manufacturers, Don Sheardown says his company is open for negotiations. "Business is business. I just want to make sure this kind of thing doesn't happen again." **C**

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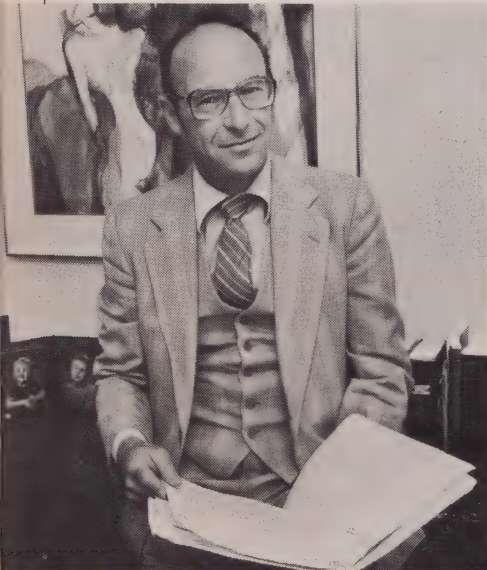
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Harris: Expanding the fleet

vide employment in an economically depressed area. In an interview in the *Halifax Herald*, shortly after the deal was closed in April, Development Minister Roland Thornhill said there wasn't any doubt that he had "encouraged the purchase."

Indeed, the only snag appeared to be the 11.4 per cent duty cost of shipping the buses for assembly over the boarder. The provincial government offered to pay part of the duty to ensure the new business.

The moment Metro Transit announced the Scania deal, recriminations began to fly. General Motors charged that it wasn't fair for a provincial government to pay even a fraction of the duty on a foreign import. Don Sheardown of Ontario Bus was even angrier, and he took his case to the Halifax media, appearing on CBC Radio and in the *Halifax Herald*.

Now, months later, Sheardown is still angry.

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Insight



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Each month, *Atlantic Insight* presents the region to the people who live here — and to a growing number of men and women elsewhere who want to stay in touch with their heritage. Each month you enjoy the refreshing blend of news and views, wit and wisdom, pictures and people. You muse along with Harry Bruce, laugh along with Ray Guy. You meet the leaders, the comers, and the just plain folk. *Atlantic Insight* is the magazine of Atlantic Canada — so much more than just a news magazine. Subscribe now — and know what's going on around here.

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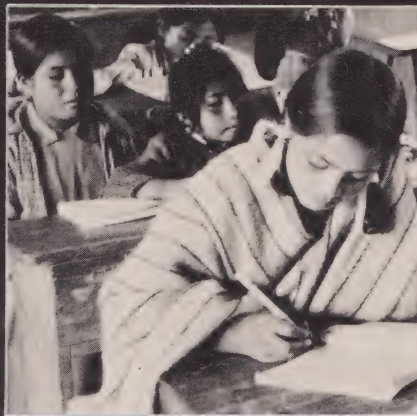
ART GALLERIES & MUSEUMS

Anna Leonowens Gallery. (N.S. College of Art & Design). Aug. 7-18. Gallery II. Sherrie Levine, installation. 1891 Granville Street. 422-7381, Ext. 184. Hours: Tues.-Sat., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Thurs., 11 a.m.-9 p.m.; Closed Sun. & Mon.

Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. Aug. 2-Sept. 9. Main Gallery: *The Flowering of Japanese Ceramic Art*: More than 70 objects from the Japanese Ceramic collection of the Art Gallery of Greater Victoria. The exhibition illustrates through the study of pottery, Japanese taste, manners, customs and character, and the distinctive features of Japanese culture. Courtesy Art Gallery of Greater Victoria, B.C. Supported by Museum Assistance Programmes, National Museums of Canada. Aug. 2-Sept. 9. Mezzanine Gallery: *Nova Scotia Collects: Mabel Killam Day (1884-1960)*: Sixth in the series of Nova Scotia Collects exhibitions which includes works from the collection of the artist's son and his wife,

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Day of Yarmouth County. The artist, born in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, studied in New York, and received many awards for her contribution to art. She exhibited with the Montreal Art Association and Nova Scotia Art Association as well as other noted centres. Her works have been described as having "a vigorous style which commands attention not by its strong pattern, but by its organic form." 6152 Coburg Road, 424-7542. Hours: Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-5:30 p.m.; Thurs., 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun., 12 p.m.-5:30 p.m.

Dalhousie Art Gallery. Aug. 23-Sept. 30. *The Non-Figurative Artists Association*: An exhibition which focuses on both the development of abstract painting in Montreal and the pluralism of stylistic tendencies in the late 1950's, as reflected in the work of the members of the Non-Figurative Artists Association, 1955-1961. Included in the exhibition are works by Fernand Leduc, Rita Letendre, Ulysse Comtois, Paterson Ewen, Guido Molinari, and others. Organized by the Sir George Williams Art Galleries with the assistance of the



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National Museums Corporation of Canada. *Ben Shahn: Photographs*: Ben Shahn's paintings and graphic works are well-known, but little attention has been given to his photographs, taken for the Farm Service Administration during the 1930's in the United States. This exhibition of 50 photographs, organized by the Art Gallery at the University of Southern Maine, reveals Shahn's masterful use of the camera in depicting cities and towns in the South and Midwest and the people who populated them. Dalhousie University Campus, 6101 University Ave. Hours: Tues.-Fri., 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun., 1-5 p.m. **Dartmouth Heritage Museum**. Aug. 6-27: Oil paintings by Susan Creighton. Aug. 27-Sept. 17: Oil paintings by Roger Noughart. 100 Wyse Road. For information call 421-2300.

Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery. Aug. 16-Sept. 16. Downstairs, *Woven Forms: Sculptural Figures* by Dawn McNutt, Dartmouth. Over the years McNutt's weaving has developed from flat tapestry to completely sculptural forms. The most recent work comprises free-standing life-sized human figures made of wire and seagrass. Manipulation and finishing techniques alter the predetermined woven form in a direct yet intuitive way. They become haunting, enigmatic presences (catalogue essay by Jack Lenor Larsen). Upstairs, *Cancelled Icons*, jewellery by Pamela Ritchie, Halifax. In this exhibition Ritchie uses stamps which display iconic references. She treats these symbols as miniature portraits with their cancellation marks extending outside the stamp and formed in metal, plastic or wood. Bedford Highway, 443-4450. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun. 1-5 pm.; Tues., 9 a.m.-9 p.m. **Public Archives of Nova Scotia**. Apr. 16-Sept. 15. Exhibit of Canadian Coins and Nova Scotian Silver. 6016 University Avenue. Hours: 1-4 p.m. daily.

CLUB DATES

Peddler's Pub: Lower level, Delta Barrington Hotel. To Aug. 4: *The Customers*; Aug. 6-11; *Intro*; Aug. 13-18: *Mainstreet*; Aug. 20-25: *Track*; Aug.

27-Sept. 1: *The Aviators*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 11 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 11 a.m.-12 midnight.

The Village Gate: 534 Windmill Road, Dartmouth. Aug. 13-18: *Armageddon*; Aug. 27-Sept. 1: *Intro*. Hours: Mon.-Wed., 10 a.m.-11 p.m.; Thurs.-Sat., 10 a.m.-12:30 a.m.

The Ice House Lounge: 300 Prince Albert Road, Dartmouth. Aug. 27-Sept. 1: *Southside*. Hours: Mon.-Fri., 11:30 a.m.-2 a.m.; Sat., 5 p.m.-2 a.m.

Privateers' Warehouse: Historic Properties. Middle Deck: To Aug. 4: *Mason Chapman Band*; Aug. 6-11: *Bleeker Street*; Aug. 13-18: *Bleeker*

Street; Aug. 20-25: *The Aviators*; Aug. 27-Sept. 1: *Morgan Davis*. Lower Deck: To Aug. 4: *Tony Quinn*, Aug. 13-18: *Messenger*; Aug. 20-25: *Nightflight*; Aug. 27-Sept. 1: *Tony Quinn*. Hours: Lower Deck, 11:30-12:30 a.m. Middle Deck, 11-2:30 a.m.

Little Nashville: 44 Alderney Drive, Dartmouth. All country. Aug. 6-12: *Robert Bouchard & Private Stock*; Aug. 13-18: *Morn'n Sun*; Aug. 19: *Gold-strikers*; Aug. 20-26: *Bill Anderson & Whiskey Fever*; Aug. 27-Sept. 2: *Robert Bouchard & Private Stock*. Hours: Every night 9 p.m.-3 a.m.

The Network Lounge: 1546 Dresden Row. To Aug. 4: *Doc Savage*; Aug. 6-11: *Red Line*; Aug. 9-11: *Nash the Slash*; Aug. 13-18: *The Dice*; Aug. 27-Sept. 1: *Haywire*. Hours: Mon.-Sat. till 2 a.m.



THEATRE

The Mount Playhouse Dinner Theatre. Aug. 6 & 13: Cocktail Hour — *Babel Rap* by John Lazarus. What the workers argued over on the biggest construction project of them all. Performance — *Impromptu* by Tad Mosel. Four out-of-work actors answer a mysterious ad and are given a bizarre assignment. Aug. 1, 8 & 15: Cocktail Hour — *The Fifteen-Minute Hamlet* by Tom Stoppard. Quick but ever so cultural. Performance — *A Phoenix Too Frequent* by Christopher Fry. A classic comedy of body-snatching in every possible sense of the word. Aug. 3, 10 & 17: Cocktail Hour — *The Telephone* by Gian Carlo Menotti. A twenty-minute opera that will reach out and touch someone. Performance — *Ladies' Man* by Georges Feydeau. The French master of farce tells you everything you ever wanted to know about that kind of man. Mount Saint Vincent University. For information/reservations call 443-4450, local 364/351.

Neptune Theatre. Stephenville Festival on Tour. Aug. 22, 24 & 26: *Cyrano de Bergerac* by Edmond Rostand. The ul-

imate in French romance filled with adventure and idealism. *Cyrano* is noble in spirit, grotesque in appearance, a brilliant wit and timid lover. He is all at once comic, heroic and tragic and represents one of the most dazzling of all acting roles. Starring Gordon Pinsent. Aug. 23 & 25: *Jesus Christ Superstar* by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber. A phenomenal stage success that is truly glorious entertainment for all ages. This brilliant production of this rock opera on Christ's passion is a show of enormous beauty and power. Starring Cliff Lejeune and Maxim Mazumdar. **Actor's Tryworks** presents an evening of comedy and adventure. Aug. 7-12. For more information call 429-7070. Tickets available at Neptune Theatre Box Office.

IN CONCERT

Rebecca Cohn Auditorium. Dalhousie Arts Centre. Feb. 4, 8-10 p.m.: A performance by *Rosalia*, presented by the Filipino Association of Nova Scotia. Tickets available at the door or by phoning 465-5141.

FESTIVALS

Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen Summer Craft Market. Aug. 17, 18 & 19: Featuring contemporary and traditional quality crafts for sale as well as craft demonstrations, flea market and entertainment. Dalhousie University Student Union Building, Halifax.

MOVIES

Wormwood's Dog and Monkey Cinema. 1588 Barrington Street. A continuing repertory programme of classic and European films. For further information, call 422-3700.

SPORTS

Track & Field — Aug. 4: Atlantic Age Class Championships, (Ban./Mid./Juv.) N.S. Jr./Sr. Champs., St. Mary's Stadium, Halifax. For information, call 425-5450. Aug. 6: Dartmouth Natal Day Road Race. 6 miles, 8:15 a.m., Police Station, Dartmouth. Phone 463-3557 for information. Aug. 6: Halifax Natal Day Road Race. 5.2 miles, YMCA, 5:30 p.m. Phone 422-6437 for information. Aug. 9-16: Royal Canadian Legion National Athletic Camp, St. Mary's University, Halifax. Aug. 11-12: Royal Canadian Legion National Championships, St. Mary's Stadium, Halifax. Aug. 14: Last Chance Twilight Meet. 6:00 p.m., St. Mary's Stadium, Halifax. For more information on any of the above events, contact the Track and Field Association of Nova Scotia at 425-5450.

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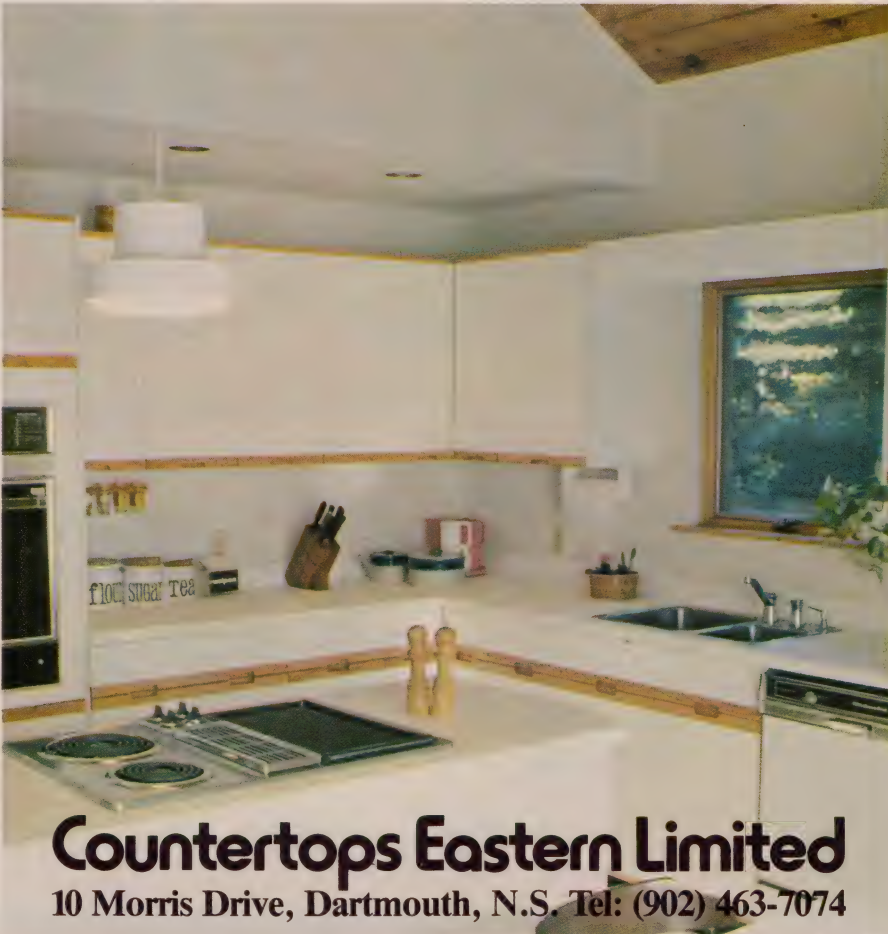


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Heather Laskey is a freelance writer living in Halifax



Art for whose sake?

By Heather Laskey

There is a revolutionary in the city's Department of Development. He is not the crude kind of revolutionary, spouting jargon and mowing down the expendable masses when they obstruct the revolutionary goal. When that kind of revolutionary gets some power, he usually just changes the name of the game and everything goes along as before. This guy's a quiet, methodical revolutionary. And he really blew the system apart. His name is Ted Mitchell and since 1978, he has been Halifax's city architect.

A couple of years ago, Mitchell effected a profound change in the department. But it was done in such a quiet, orderly manner, few people even knew about it. What this tamperer with the social order, this disrupter of the status quo did was introduce open competition to the process by which buildings get designed in this city.

Competition!

Heavy stuff.

Ted Mitchell took this outrageous step to, as he says, "allow all the architects an equal opportunity to get the job." You get the picture? He not only introduced incendiary concepts like open competition, he also used subversive words like equal opportunity.

This man is dangerous.

As history proves, words like that invariably threaten the establishmentarians. Traditional ways of doing things produce, especially in government, closed, sewn-up systems where red tape, forms and procedures thrive. Architectural competitions are not only clean, they are one way for society to get the most for its money.

"Open Competition" and "Equal Opportunity" appear to threaten the system that operates in the provincial Department of Government Services. This is the territory of Deputy Minister Mr. Don Power. All contracts for provincial buildings go through him. And Power unequivocally states he does not believe in open competition for the design of public buildings.

Don Power believes in the good, old

system of selection. A while back I asked him whether he would implement the guidelines for the designing of public buildings of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada. The Institute recommends that the competition process be used to choose architects to design important public buildings. The recommendations, said Mr. Power, were "of no consequence whatsoever."

Thus it was not surprising that competition was not permitted to contaminate the process of choosing the architectural firm to design the new Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, an institution which comes within the administrative

The new Art Gallery should be a work of art... we should obtain the best design possible

ambit of the provincial government.

The AGNS has waited most of this century for a home to call its own, and despite a frugal \$8 million budget, this will be one of the most important public buildings to go up in this city in a very long while. The gallery has been offered a choice of locations on the waterfront and its primary function will be to house permanent and visiting art collections and exhibits.

The building should be worthy of its function and location.

It should itself be a work of art. It presents a magnificent opportunity to obtain the best design possible and,

unless we happen to have handy and willing a genius like a Palladius or Mies van der Rohe, the way to obtain the best design available is through competition.

However, through a process which upon inspection seems to have been somewhat opaque, the building committee of the board of the AGNS found itself commissioning Lydon Lynch Associates, a well-known firm of Halifax architects, to do a design study. The \$40,000 cost, paid for by the federal and provincial governments, could have paid both for writing an initial program study to define the gallery's requirements and get government funding and for a competition.

One cannot blame Lydon Lynch for accepting the commission, of course. And had Lydon Lynch come up with a design which functioned well and was visually satisfying probably no one would have made a fuss. Occasionally even the selection process pulls out a winner, and principles tend to be overlooked if there's nothing to be gained by voicing them.

But, in my view, the design fails on both grounds. Some artists fault the interior layout. And the exterior design? The politest description of it is "eclectic." In fact it is so eclectic that it looks as though Lydon Lynch tried to incorporate every style from early Gothic on. They even refer to its central core as a "castle keep." I asked Andy Lynch to describe the style. He said the design was "post-modern." He didn't seem to like the question.

The AGNS building committee — which includes Alex Colville — was apparently pleased with the design. But what was the alternative. I believe the committee was locked into government's selection system.

The difference between Halifax's method of choosing architectural designs and the province's method is the difference between the search for excellence and the acceptance of mediocrity. But, perhaps more importantly, it's the difference between an open, democratic society and a stagnant, authoritarian one.

C

DINING IN & AROUND HALIFAX

A MINI GUIDE TO SIX FINE RESTAURANTS



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Café

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The menu is planned around the varieties of seafood offered by the fishermen that day. These could include scallops, salmon, haddock, swordfish, shark, mussels, char, trout, halibut, lotte and on and on. For landlubbers there are tender char broiled steaks. All breads, soups and desserts are made fresh daily on the premises. Lunch from \$3.95, Dinner from \$8.95.

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Open everyday for lunch and dinner. McKelvie's, 1680 Lower Water Street. AE, MC, V & ER. 421-6161.



The focal point of Halifax's exciting new Spring Garden Place, The Grand is actually two distinct dining areas separated by an exquisitely polished 1890 Rosewood Heintzman Grand Piano.

The Grille is a chic, art deco style bistro warmly enhanced by a sunny atrium. Fresh flowers, copious greenery, marble tables and fine china blend to create a perfect setting for the contemporary menu.

In the small and intimate Dining Room, you are graciously enveloped in the elegance of fine porcelain, silver, professional waiters and delectable food. It is destined to become one of Canada's finest!

Behind the scenes is a culinary team, brought to this fine restaurant from France and led by Bernard Meyer, Master Cuisinier. Mr. Meyer uses only the freshest of produce and because of this, the menus change constantly. Prices? More than reasonable for a restaurant of this calibre.

Before or after dining, relax in the comfort of the bar by the soft glow of the cozy fireplace.

The Grand Restaurants are open everyday; the bar, Monday through Saturday. The Grand, Spring Garden Place, 5640 Spring Garden Road. AE, MC & V. 421-1116.



HENRY HOUSE & Little Stone Jug

One of Halifax's oldest and finest dining establishments, The Henry House was the home of the Honourable William Henry, a Father of Confederation. The main dining room has been restored to its original bright, cheery Victorian elegance. Downstairs, the Little Stone Jug retains original stone walls and hand-hewn beams along with a cozy copper bar and wine cellar.

While the Restaurant is historic, the menu is definitely contemporary. The European born and trained chef uses only the freshest ingredients and prepares everything from scratch. Menus change weekly, with Lunch from \$4.75, Dinner a la carte from under \$10 and complete four course Dinners from \$17.

Open weekdays for Lunch, everyday for Dinner. AE, MC & V. The Henry House, 1222 Barrington Street. Reservations: 423-1309.



Champlain's Feast

To lift the spirits of settlers in the early 1600's at Nova Scotia's historic Port Royal, explorer-historian Samuel de Champlain initiated the "Order of Good Time" with feast and festivity. In this tradition, a group of young, energetic and talented entertainers help take you back to the year 1607 for an evening for good eating, imbibing, music and merriment.

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Champlain's Feast runs June 22 to September 15 with one sitting Tuesday through Sunday at 7 p.m. sharp. AE, MC & V. The Little Stone Jug, 1222 Barrington Street. By reservation only: 423-1309.



This is the ultimate in family dining! A cozy, farmhouse-like atmosphere filled with antiques and calico.

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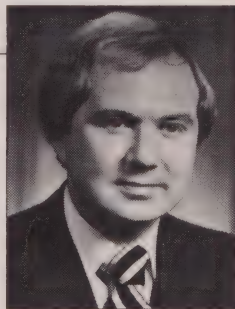
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The Beanery and Roadhouse, Bedford Place Mall, 1658 Bedford Highway. AE, MC & V. 835-3030.

Publisher's Letter



"And all I ask is a tall ship . . ."

The most desiccated of landlubbers was surely stirred by the visit of the Tall Ships to Halifax and Sydney. If not by the ships themselves, then by the youth and enthusiasm of the sailors, or the delighted and open-hearted welcome of the thousands who flocked to meet and greet them.

As is pointed out in our farewell to the Tall Ships on Page 51, the ships and the sailors seemed so very much at home in our port cities. The story was probably much the same in Quebec City.

It's not as if the great wind ships had never been around here before. Premier Buchanan, in a message carried in the *Parade of Sail* supplement to *Atlantic Insight*, reminded us, "Nova Scotians take great pride in our traditional life by the sea. We have long looked to the sea for our livelihood, adventure, and destiny."

What is true for Nova Scotia, is equally true for New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland.

The seafaring trade — building the ships and working them — was a regional way of life for many a generation. But a way of life now sadly in decline.

There must have been a few old salts, and some not so old and not so salty, who watched the parades of sail and wondered what had happened to Canada along the way.

Of course, the *Bluenose II* — long may she sail — was as fine a representative as any nation could hope for. (She has to be one of the prettiest ships to ever hoist a sail.) And there were other ships

proudly carrying the Canadian flag.

But there wasn't a Canadian tall ship big enough to carry an ensign as broad as *Eagle's*. Nor with yardarms to support a crew of proud young people, the likes of which we saw on Russia's *Kruzenshtern* or Colombia's *Gloria*.

There is no Canadian tall ship to take a couple of hundred young men and women on a voyage of self-discovery. Allowing them to pit their strength, their wits, and their guts against one of the most unforgiving of the natural forces.

Should there be?

Should we be preserving the traditional skills of boat building, sail making, and rigging? Ancient skills that still lurk, but for how long, around the Atlantic shores.

Is sail training, and international sailing competition on square riggers, barks and brigantines an anachronism in the high-tech year of 1984?

You could ask, what would happen to the young people (who we believe would clamour for the chance), after their experiences in a different world at a different time, at sea?

Whatever they chose to do, they would do with the advantage of having a little more self-assurance, a recognition of their own strengths and weaknesses, an understanding that there is a force stronger than man.

Or, of course, they could become the nucleus of the new Canadian merchant service.

But that's another story.

John Lalor

The 21 smartest ways to winterize your home

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FEEDBACK

Fun with figures

Some of the statistics that White and Gregory presented (*So safe you could drink it*, May issue) leave me confused. What, pray tell, is the average age of the men who died at 56.2 years got to do with the provincial average age of 62.6 years? This is like comparing elephants and oranges. The provincial average age is computed from birth, and its computation includes all those that didn't survive childhood. As all of these men had survived childhood, their life expectancy would be greater than 62.6 years. With the facts as presented in the article, the reader can only take the figures and subtract 56.2 years from 62.6 years and arrive at a 6.4 years average loss of life for each man. A gross understatement! The only way that you could correlate these figures and get a correct reading would be to take the average age of the sprayers when they started spraying and compare that age figure to the provincial average for that particular year. The higher the average age, the higher the life expectancy. Not having the actual figures on hand, I would suspect that a 20-24 year old provincial male would have a life expectancy in the neighborhood of the mid-70's. Now, 56.2 years subtracted from, say, 75 years is quite a lot of lost years per man — approximately 3 times that portrayed in the article. I hope that SODA gets this important point cleared up before it goes to court, as I believe it to be a very strong part of its case.

James A. Watkins
Margaree Environmental Association
Margaree Forks, N.S.

An Atlantic breeze for an arid land

As Canadians living in the Middle East we'd like to tell you how much we look forward to receiving our copy of *Atlantic Insight* each month. We read it from cover to cover, and somehow feel a little closer to our home country. We especially enjoy the columns of Harry Bruce and Ray Guy. Their tongue-in-cheek wit has that special "down east" flavour that is hard to beat. *Atlantic Insight* does have a far-reaching effect. It brings a welcome Atlantic breeze into our home away from home, where we are surrounded by sand instead of sea. Keep up the good work.

Karen and Jack Theal
Dubai, United Arab Emirates

Bravo, Ray ... but watch those scriptures

This will probably be the 900th letter you have received supplying Ray Guy with his missing biblical reference which is Acts 9:5. "And he said, Who are Thou Lord? And the Lord said I am Jesus whom thou persecutest: It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Mr. Guy may

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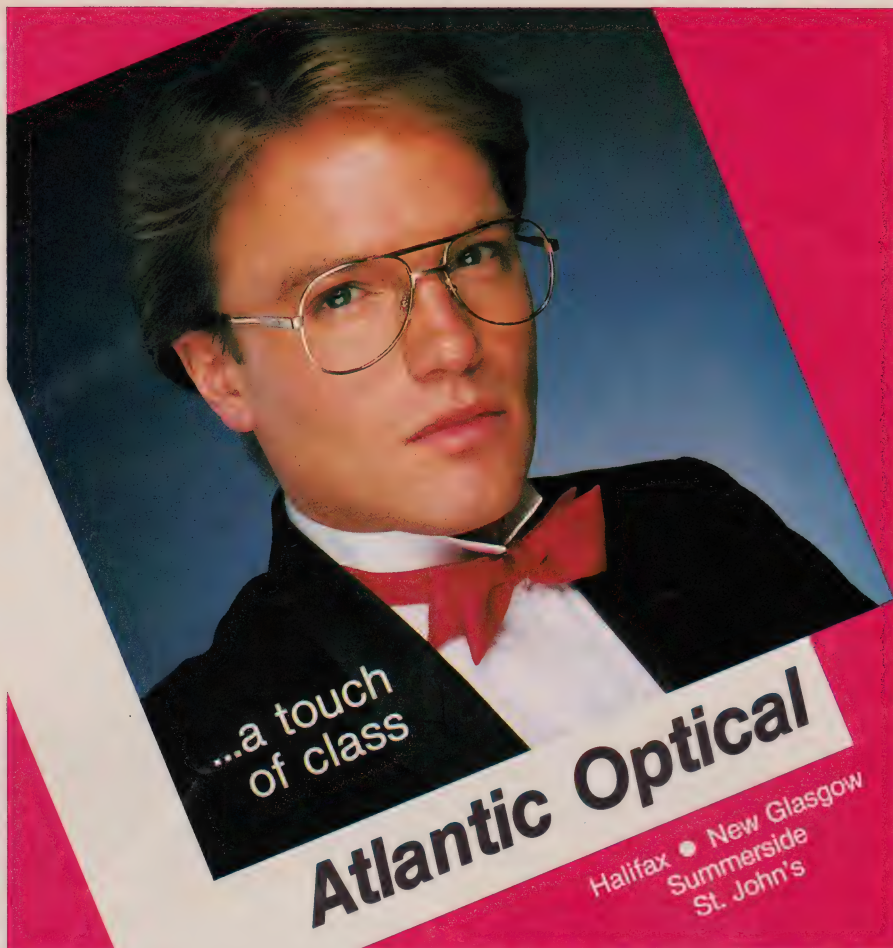
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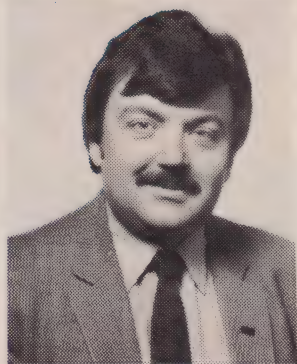
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FEEDBACK

have trouble finding the quotation since it seems to have disappeared from the newer translations such as the Good News Bible but it certainly is there in the original King James Version. The real purpose of this letter is not to supply Mr. Guy with references but to congratulate *Atlantic Insight* for publishing Ray Guy's column in the first place. It is certainly worth the price of the magazine to receive this stimulating breath of cold, clean Atlantic air from this quintessential Newfoundland spirit. In my opinion Guy is the best columnist of his kind in Canada.

Robert F. Nelson
Ontario, Can.

Heresy! This should be the unanimous cry of your readers in relation to Ray Guy's column (May). Mr. Guy at least admits to the charge of blasphemy in his introductory paragraph. Regardless, such treatment of scripture should not be tolerated, even in such a magazine as yours. Furthermore, if he had searched only half as hard as he had claimed to, he would have found the passage which he indicated. It may be noted that this is only found in the King James version and not in the newer translations. If he would like to look it up so that it may be taken in its proper context it is to be found in Acts 9:5. Cancel my subscription to this implementation of Satan.

W.R. Woodworth

"It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Chapter 9, verse 5, Acts. You looked in the wrong translation or whatever these new bibles are. It is a well known verse and is in the King James translation.

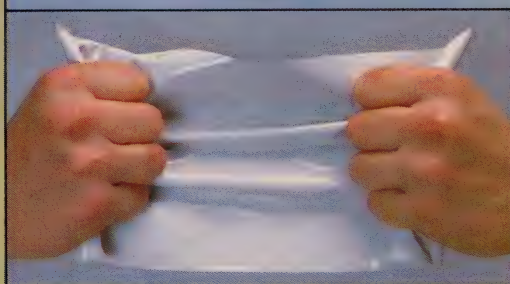
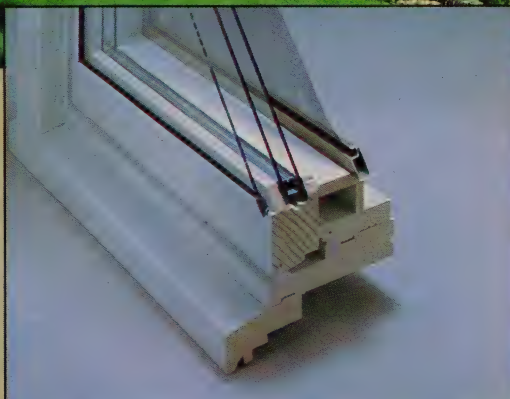
Virginia Longley
Truro, N.S.

Maritime heros

I particularly appreciated the May issue story, *The Sinking of the Thisisit*. Our news is too often violent or sad. A report of the true heroism is a pleasant change. There are indeed some heros in today's society, and we need to stand and cheer and pay tribute to such individuals. Ken Nicolle and Bud Osborne did not hesitate to risk their lives on a killer sea, in a marvellous effort to rescue their fellow fishermen. I wonder if these two gentlemen have been recommended for one of Canada's bravery medals? If not, someone in Murray Harbour (or P.E.I.) should make the move to publicly honor their great courage and heart.

Mrs. C. Chassé
Grand Falls, N.B.

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NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

Corner Brook at the crossroads . . . Again

Once the Bowater paper mill kept this town thriving. Now in the shadow of an industry pull-out, the town's future is shrouded in uncertainty

The town of Corner Brook, nestled among the hills at the mouth of the surging Humber River, is dominated both physically and psychologically by the Bowater Newfoundland Ltd. paper mill. Physically the operation appears to be thriving. Steam still surges from the boilers; ships continue to take on newsprint at the wharf behind the mill; trees still fall in the forests around the town, providing the raw material for the company which for decades has been the lifeblood of the second largest community in Newfoundland.

To all appearances it is business as usual. But psychologically it isn't so. For as everyone knows too well, this is the last year that Bowater will spend a \$40 million payroll in Corner Brook. "We're living in a pressure cooker," says Dexter Fudge, president of the Canadian Paper Makers Union local.

It's been that way since the end of October, 1983. On that Hallowe'en day Bowater Inc. of Old Greenwich, Conn., the North American arm of the London-based Bowater Corporation, announced that the Corner Brook facility would close at the end of 1984. The mill made profits from 1973 to 1981, suffered losses in recessionary 1982. At the end of that year number seven paper machine was shut down, resulting in the layoff of 750 men in April, 1983. Then, in October, despite Bowater's substantial investment in Corner Brook over the previous five years, Chief Executive Officer Anthony Gammie announced that at least another \$350 million was needed for modernization, and that "Bowater preferred to put that money into its more efficient mills in the U.S."

Then, as now, two questions faced the mill employees, and indeed the rest of the town. Will a buyer be found? If so, will the status quo, at least, be maintained — or will there be more layoffs? As the year grows older these questions are still unanswered. But the rumor mill grinds on, and on its prophecies the mood of the town rises and falls. Still, even the sunniest rumor is clouded by the shadow of uncertainty. Says Mayor George Hutchings, "It's the uncertainty that is hurting us. We can't make plans."

Bids for Bowater Newfoundland were received in Old Greenwich in April

of this year. Since then a divestiture committee of Bowater Inc. and the Newfoundland government has negotiated with potential buyers. Only one bidder, Kruger Inc., a Montreal pulp and paper company, has been confirmed but unofficial sources indicate there have been other bids from within and without the pulp and paper industry. *The Globe and Mail* named "The Atlantis Group of Halifax, a risk-capital company," while the St. John's *Evening Telegram* cited Atlantis and Humber Newsprint, a consortium of Canadian companies formed solely to bid for



Dexter Fudge: "Living in a pressure cooker."

Bowater Newfoundland. The latter newspaper added that neither company had experience running a paper mill.

But all this happens in secrecy, far from the mortgages and grocery bills of the people of Corner Brook, far from the municipal planners trying to plan for the unplannable.

While many parties share a common interest — the sale of the mill — there appears to be communication only between St. John's and Old Greenwich. Union representative Fudge and Mayor Hutchings are co-chairmen of the town's advisory committee, formed to receive information from the divestiture committee. They've learned little about the prospects of a sale. "I told the forestry minister, 'Give us some general information. We don't want the details,'" says Hutchings. "But there's been no

DAVID BALL

response. The minister hasn't returned my calls for weeks. It's the same with Bowater."

While Corner Brook awaits a decision on its fate to be made from afar, the town takes little consolation in remembering that it was in a similar plight in the early Seventies. At that time Bowater Newfoundland incurred heavy losses from soft markets and a price freeze in the U.S., coupled with a rising American dollar. As Bowater's official historian, W.J. Reader, notes, "This was especially sad for Corner Brook, which for a long time had scarcely been Bowater's favorite child, since the mills in the (U.S.) South were far better placed to supply American demand, especially when it was falling." In response, number seven machine was shut down, and the mill was put up for sale, "no reasonable offer refused." But the market quickly turned around, losses became profits, and the mill was taken off the market.

This time, however, history will not repeat itself. Bowater Inc. has informed the Securities and Exchange Commission — the regulatory body of the U.S. stock market — of its intention to cease operations in Corner Brook. This time a buyer must be found.

Although Old Greenwich says that intensive capital improvements are at the mill, Bowater has not allowed the facility to languish. David Smallwood, the public relations manager for Bowater Newfoundland, points out that \$100 million was invested in the operation in the five years prior to the decision to sell. He adds that "The employees have kept production above quota for the last six months, despite the uncertainty and the frustration."

The last word from Corner Brook — by management, labor and city hall — is one of guarded optimism. "There's no doubt the mill will be sold," says union representative Fudge. "Who to, by whom, and when? That's a different story. We told our members that we're still with Bowater and that we must give 100 per cent. But now we know that people here must wake up and fight harder for more industry and government offices."

Mayor Hutchings echoes these sentiments. "From all this I hope we have learned that we can't slip back into the complacency of thinking we don't need to diversify. You can't depend on one company. But I am optimistic. I think that when this is resolved, the lid will come off the investment that has been waiting in the wings."

Bowater's David Smallwood insists that the mill itself, and the natural and human resources of the area make the plant a natural choice for investment. He also extols the virtues of Corner Brook as a place to live. "We have all the outdoor sports and the advantages of a small city. There is even a professional theatre group. Tonight, in fact, is the opening of *My Fair Lady*."

All Corner Brook wants is a buyer somewhere ... Now wouldn't that be lovely?
—David Holt

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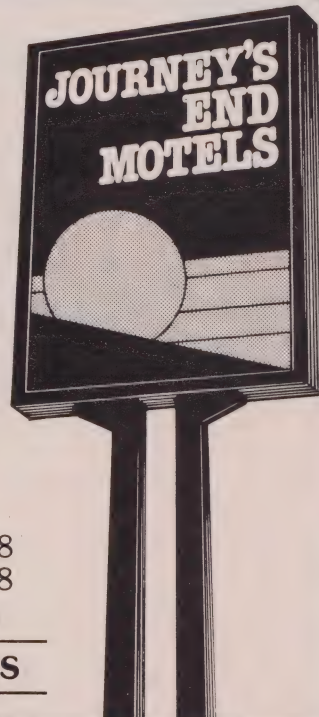
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Charlottetown: Fish chowder capital of Canada?

Not yet perhaps. But business is booming at National Sea's fish soup plant. And if everything goes as planned, P.E.I. chowder may soon become the choice of fare for Maritime fish lovers.

Quick now, what's the fish chowder capital of Canada? Saint John? Lunenburg? Port-aux-Basques? It may be an oddball question but it does have an answer. It's Charlottetown.

Not that the P.E.I. capital claims a stronger attachment to the fish chowder tradition than any other east coast town. On the contrary. This development is so new that even most Islanders don't know about it. Simply, Charlottetown is the site, since 1980, of a fish chowder business that's taking on impressive proportions.

"It's National Sea Products Ltd.'s fish soup division. The plant itself on the

ouces in the size of cans and a concentrated attack on the U.S. market. Sales for 1983 zoomed to 520,000 cases (6.25 million cans) after remaining stagnant at 150,000 to 200,000 cases during the previous three years. The soups and chowders are now selling in 48 of 50 states in the U.S. and in every province, with sales divided just about equally between Canada and the U.S.

The success of the plant has been the result of a team effort, says Burrows, a native of Windsor, N.S. The recipes were developed after much research and consumer testing by Fisheries Resource Development Ltd., a Dartmouth-based

Now, Burrows says, there are plans to expand the line of products, and he expects volume to increase from 1983's record 520,000 cases to 600,000 or more this year. "The High Liner brand is pretty well recognized and accepted in Canada, but it is just getting started in the United States, and when it gets a stronger foothold in the U.S. market it is going to mean a big increase in demand," he says. "We are confident about this, because the product is good."

If predictions run true, it will mean some expansion for the plant, which is largely automated, but still employs 30 people for about 10 months of the year. It will also mean additional business for the local economy, which already has been doing a brisk business with the local plant.

Burrows says that in 1983 the operation used \$250,000 worth of butter, from Island and Nova Scotia dairies, \$75,000 worth of P.E.I. potatoes and \$140,000 worth of milk and cream from Island dairies. It also spent \$250,000 for trucking services and \$80,000 for lobster meat from National Sea plants on the Island and at Shediac, N.B.

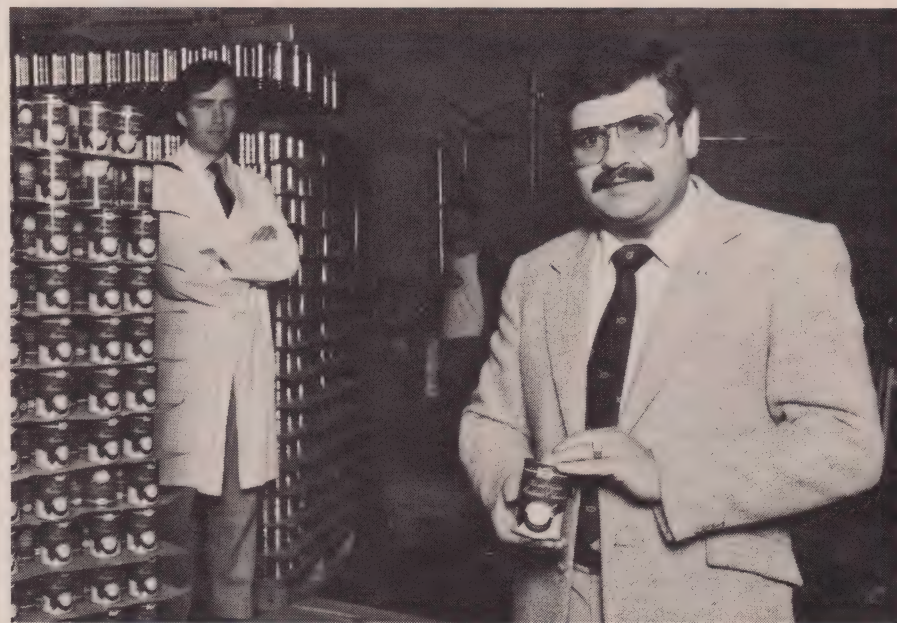
The only large-volume ingredient that is not supplied locally is clams, which are not available in sufficient amounts, so half a million pounds of bar clams were trucked in from Virginia. Shrimp is obtained from Shippeagan, N.B., and from Florida when not available locally; scallops and groundfish (pollock and hake) are brought in from Lunenburg, N.S. More than 200,000 pounds of groundfish were used in last year's operation. Other materials used include \$60,000 worth of white wine from André Wines, Truro, and \$20,000 worth of brandy.

Wayne Burrows is proud of his plant's attention to quality control, which keeps consumer complaints at an insignificant level. He says there are no immediate plans to implement any marketing strategy outside North America. "We have just about as much as we can handle right now in Canada and the United States, and that is going to increase. Right now this is the only company processing a full line of this product in Canada, and it is all being done in the Charlottetown plant."

In addition to supplying supermarkets, the local plant has a number of specialized customers that it supplies with the large, 48-ounce cans of soups and chowders, including Kraft Foods, CN Marine, and Northumberland Ferries.

Seafood chowder is still a long way from being as well established as, say, canned vegetable soup. But the way it's selling right now, the sky seems to be the limit. And that's good news for Charlottetown, the brand new chowder capital of Canada.

Bill Ledwell



RICHARD FURLONG

Wayne Burrows (right): Chowder sales are booming.

eastern outskirts is small. Its numbers, however, are big. Last year over six million cans of the plant's six lines of fish soups and chowders were sold in Canada and the U.S., and business is still picking up.

It's virtually an overnight success story — a remarkable occurrence against the background of depressed markets that afflicts the rest of the fish industry, including most of National Sea's other divisions and plants.

Sales started booming last year, says plant manager Wayne Burrows. This followed a switch in early 1983 to a new line of products, a reduction from 16 to 10

National Sea subsidiary, the engineering division from Lunenburg set up the process and the marketing people sold the product.

Islanders familiar with the plant feel the location may have something to do with the quality of the product. The ingredients are mainly choice P.E.I. potatoes, fresh butter, milk and cream and the pure spring water that supplies the Charlottetown area. The plant's six product lines are seafood chowder, New England style clam chowder, fish and vegetable Maritime style chowder, cream of scallop soup, cream of lobster soup and cream of shrimp soup.



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Reprieve for the Old School Tie

Hard times for two N.B. private schools.

It may be the end of an era, but on this June Saturday the gods are benevolent. An unclouded sky arches over the manicured lawns of the Netherwood School for Girls in Rothesay, N.B.

Inside the cream-yellow walls of Ganong Hall, parents and faculty bid farewell to nineteen graduates. Outside, small knots of Old Girls reminisce about a now-distant adolescence passed within the confines of this enclave of privilege.

"It was like a family," recalls a graduate of the class of '59. "You kept up with everyone afterwards." A classmate, now living in Ottawa, remembers being drawn out of her shyness by the school's non-competitive attitude to sport. "Everyone played. It didn't matter if you weren't very good."

The sense of family reunion on this June morning is, nevertheless, tinged with a sense of family tragedy (one Old Girl wears a black silk rose at her throat). The decorous ritual of Closing Day is being played out for the last time at Netherwood. When classes resume in the fall, Netherwood's girls will be part of an amalgamated, co-educational independent school a quarter of a mile up the hill, at the campus of the Rothesay Collegiate School.

The compromise is the price of survival, for both schools. Indeed, for several weeks this spring, it appeared unlikely that either tradition-bound institution would reopen this autumn.

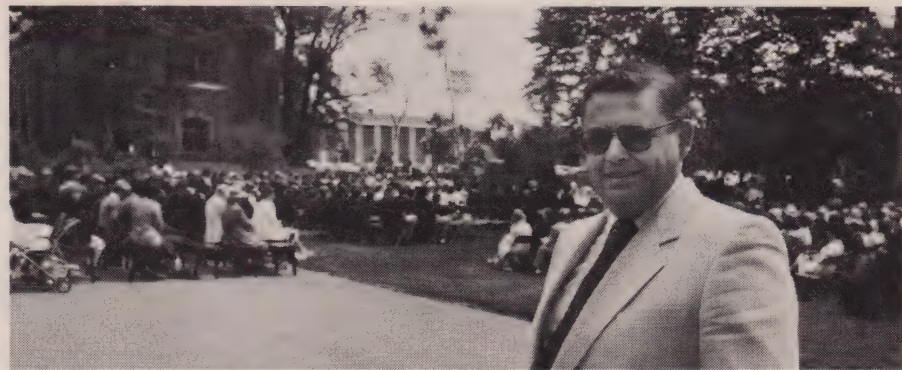
The two schools go back a long way. Rothesay Collegiate — more often known as RCS — marks its 107th anniversary this year. Old yearbooks recall the graduation of several Irvings, McCains, Nickersons, and the current premier of New Brunswick, Richard Hatfield, once wore the school's blue blazer and grey flannels. Netherwood's Ganong Hall commemorates the several members of that wealthy family of New Brunswick candy-makers who attended the school.

Both schools, like Kings-Edgehill in Nova Scotia or Upper Canada College in Toronto, model themselves closely to such English institutions as Eton and Harrow. And they trade tactfully on the perception that these schools are where the children of the elite are shaped into tomorrow's leaders.

During the 1970s, however, attendance at both schools began to decline. Fewer middle-class parents were willing to pay tuition fees of more than \$3,500 for a day student, and nearly \$9,000 for a boarder, for the benefits of small classes, individual attention, and the lustre of the schools' names. Operating

costs soared; heating alone for Netherwood's aging wooden buildings ran to well over \$200,000 a year. And competition from other independent schools in Nova Scotia and Upper Canada became fierce.

In a money-saving move in 1972, the two schools entered into academic affiliation, sharing classrooms and teaching staff, and in 1979 a joint management committee took over the direction of both schools. But the decline continued, until enrolment of boarders for the 1983-84 term at RCS fell to less than a third of its capacity of 100 students, while only 38 of Netherwood's 60 beds were occupied. Both schools were in debt



Mason: Can private education survive in a competitive market?

and operating at a loss.

By early this year, the joint management committee was ready to throw in the towel. At a meeting in early March, it recommended that neither campus reopen in September.

But traditions die hard. Alarmed parents of the remaining RCS and Netherwood students demanded a meeting with the schools' directors. "It's a competitive market," RCS headmaster Ian Rowe told them. "Like many old established industries, we have not gone out and made the sale." If that was the problem, the parents responded, then they would personally go out and sell the merits of the two venerable institutions. But they would have little time to save the two schools: The management committee gave them just ten weeks to sign up no fewer than 70 new students, the minimum needed to keep Rothesay and Netherwood in business.

The parents threw themselves zealously into the marketing effort. One parent sponsored a \$3,000 advertisement in a Toronto newspaper. Another funded a sales trip by Rowe to Hong Kong, where many wealthy parents see private schools in Canada as a stepping-stone for their children to enrolment in North

American universities. Others, of more modest means, made personal contacts with some 120 families who might be persuaded to send offspring to the Rothesay schools.

By late May, parents committee chairman John Mason announced that the schools' final demise had been forestalled, at least for the present. Some 130 students were enrolled for the fall of 1984. Other contacts made by the parents might result in additional enrolments next year.

Indeed, the parents had done more than merely revive the schools' enrolment. "We have a plan in place to retire all the schools' debt, and begin July free of any debt," a happy Mason was able to say in mid-June. Fund-raising and higher enrolments were expected to pull the combined RCS/Netherwood accounts back into the black by the end of the next school year.

These efforts did not complete the resurrection. In order to fully restore the

schools' financial health, it was decided to close the Netherwood campus, whose rambling frame buildings had become too expensive to operate as residences for fewer than three dozen boarders. Those boarders will now move to a newly renovated residence on the neighboring RCS campus. Netherwood's lilac-lined grounds will be sold, and the proceeds invested in a scholarship fund.

That thought brought tears to more than a few eyes in Ganong Hall at Netherwood's final Closing Day. More were saddened by the prospect that these lovely cream-colored buildings would be sold off, and probably torn down. But the painful sacrifice of a treasured past has produced the possibility of a future for Netherwood's traditions.

And next spring, as they have done for nearly a century, a handful of young ladies will cast off girlhood's green blazer and skirt, and step out into the sunshine and lilacs of June and the embrace of family and friends, wearing those incomparable confections of white.

"The life," as both parents and Old Girls prefer to call this anachronistic mix of individual attention and not-so-subtle anglophilia, will go on.

— Chris Wood

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The challenge of Peter Outhit

Four years ago this Halifax lawyer was an energy consultant for a European oil firm. Now he's heading up N.S. Resources Ltd. and looking for an offshore bonanza

An accidental encounter three years ago was to have an unexpected and far-reaching effect on Peter A. Outhit's life. At that chance meeting, during an International Bar Association Conference at Jasper, Outhit first heard of the Nova Scotia government's plan to create a crown corporation whose purpose would be to involve the province in mineral, petroleum and energy development. It brought Peter Outhit back to Halifax.

The man Outhit met was Fred Dickson, now a Halifax lawyer but then principal assistant to Premier John Buchanan. Dickson was heading the search committee to find a president for what was to become Nova Scotia Resources Ltd. It was quickly apparent — to Dickson at least — that Outhit was singularly qualified for the job.

Outhit grew up in Halifax and graduated in 1962 from Dalhousie Law School. His performance as a law student gained him entrance to one of Halifax's most prestigious law firms, Stewart, MacKeen & Covert. A few years later, he went on to Alberta, where his work as a lawyer for one of CP

Rail's oil and gas subsidiaries tweaked his interest in resource law. A master's degree in the field followed, from Southern Methodist University in Texas. His involvement accelerated four years as in-house counsel for Aquitaine of Quebec; two in private practice; and then, the jump to what Outhit calls his "international phase," a move to Europe.

His seven years in Europe included four with ELF-Aquitaine-NORGE — at a time when there were seven separate North Sea fields of oil and gas coming on at once and two pipeline systems to be managed. He received "intensive experience in offshore development" in negotiations over an international oil field underlying both British and Norwegian waters. Then to Paris as "house consultant" on "Anglo-Saxon law." As

the sole English-speaking person at the head office, he soon became fluent in French, both conversationally and in technical jargon. At the time, he had no plans to leave "because I'm an industry person. I didn't plan to return — I was in international oil and intended to stay there." But there was that accidental meeting, and after thinking things over a while, Outhit began to see them in a different context.

"I realized that this was a rather open mandate, the chance to create something, to establish a corporation unlike any previous Crown corporation in Nova Scotia, that would have a very major im-



Peter Outhit: Waiting for the oil to come.

pact on the lives of Nova Scotians." Such a corporation would also use all of his knowledge and experience in the field of international oil development.

In early 1981, Nova Scotia Resources Ltd. was established in Halifax with Outhit as president and chief executive officer and provincial grants to \$525,000 to set up shop. A loan of \$52 million, guaranteed by the provincial government, provided the money in 1982 for the purchase of 10 per cent of the working interest in British Columbia Resources Investment Corporation's Sable Island petroleum rights. Later, 10 per cent of that was sold to East Coast Energy Ltd., and the \$8.5 million in hand has since been used to borrow further development money — without the province's guarantee.

In addition to the interest in offshore

development, Nova Scotia Resources Ltd. is looking to onshore activity to complement the offshore activity. NOVACO, a provincial company in coal mining, is a NSRL subsidiary, through which the Crown corporation has operated two mines, at Point Aconi in Cape Breton and Rodney near Springhill. NSRL is now pushing for development of another open pit mine in Cape Breton. The corporation is also involved in examining the feasibility of liquification of coal through its 19.5 per cent interest in Scotia Coal Syn-fuels. Outhit even considers gold mining a possibility in Nova Scotia. "There are several areas with gold. The profit comes through large-scale mining techniques. You can make a profit in it if the basic world worth is over \$350 an ounce."

But not every path is paved in gold. Outhit admits that being a Crown corporation can be restrictive. "We can only make investments that conform to government policy." Thus the difficulty in gaining approval for another open pit coal mine in Cape Breton. Liberal energy critic Fraser Mooney cites that as proof that NSRL is "just another political arm of the government. It was a political decision to deny strip mining in Gardner, not a business one."

Outhit says that government interference "hasn't been too bad in this case." And he doesn't agree that public and private investments can't mix. "It works. It doesn't work when Crown corporations are handed big chunks of capital and little supervision. It didn't happen that way with us. We've gone from nothing to \$2 million in assets."

He says markets for offshore gas are ready in the northern United States, and negotiations could end with "signed contracts within a matter of weeks." So what happens if the wells testing now come up dry? "We go to Phase III. Drill two more wells; the gas is going to be there; and the markets will be there. But we can't wait too long. After 1990 we'll have severe competition from other sources, like Alberta; 1988 would be ideal, 1989 good."

Peter Outhit is at the centre, where he likes to be, juggling cabinet ministers, the premier, petroleum developers, the public and the banks. And waiting for the gas to come.

— Susan MacPhee

Fisher woman

By Veronica Ross

The sea was silence, silver stillness suspended between grey water and white sky.

What foolishness this line is. Silence, silver stillness indeed. Anyone who's ever lived all their life by the sea would never describe it like that. The water's just there. That's it. There's nothing mystical about it. I always said I'd hang myself if my boys became fishermen. They believed me; kids are selfish.

I wrote that line in a creative writing class my son Norman was teaching at night school two years ago. He needed one more student to get paid by Continuing Education. Everyone thought those words were just great but there weren't any fishermen in that class and the women were from town, not my friends.

The second sentence in this piece was: She slid the last lobster trap over the side of the boat and looked up.

Prophetic words, because now I'm fifty-three years old and fishing. There's nothing so great about that either. Any-

one could do it. I'm big and strong, there's no grey in my hair yet. I've always done whatever I put my mind to. The only sickness I ever had was a miscarriage and a bladder infection. I've had four children. Hard work is nothing new, and it never killed anyone. Fishing is just something I do now. I needed the money and I had the boat. And there's nothing grand about the boat either. It doesn't even have a name, just numbers stencilled on the bow. Lew used it for duckshooting in the fall. His fishing boat, *The Cassandra*, is hauled up in the yard at home.

"Fisherwoman!" this woman I know, Molly Levine, cried excitedly. Molly's one of those Americans who came up to Nova Scotia to "get back to the land." Fools. Her husband got fed

up and took off with another woman. Molly stayed.

Molly wanted to do a piece about me for *The Star*, St. Genevieve's local newspaper, but I said no. I'd just look foolish. Women don't ordinarily go fishing. A lot of those old-timers still won't let women step aboard their boats. Women are supposed to bring on storms.

Molly said I'm proving women can do anything.

They can, I told her. There's nothing to prove. I've always believed that, although some women like to let on how weak and helpless they are. That's just another way of winding men around your finger.

You have to be strong, that's my idea of it. I surprise people, I know. Especially my own family. Norman was



ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL GULOTTA

very surprised at the stuff I wrote in his class. I think my stories were every bit as good as his. I used to get good marks in composition and once won an essay contest in Grade Ten. He made a joke about Schopenhauer's mother throwing the philosopher down the stairs and his retort that he would be the only genius in the family. I guess his mother wrote novels. I'd like to have been the mother; I'd have shown him what was what.

I stopped going to the class shortly after that because writing was so important to him. I think he was glad when I stopped going. I had better things to do anyway. And I wanted Norman to get ahead. We had a good relationship. I've always been close to him. When his unemployment ran out I gave him money on the sly without Lew's knowledge. Lew liked the idea of having a writer in the family at first. Lew was only a fisherman but he was very proud. He's always wanted to be a lawyer but first the war came and then his mother was widowed and then we got married. Ellen was born. That's life.

Lew never read paperbacks. He had a lot of old books from his father. Classics with leather bindings. I think Lew liked the idea of having the Campbell name on the backs of such books. The trouble was, this never happened. Norman kept writing and writing and only ever had one story published and that was in a university magazine no one ever heard of before. I never lost faith in Norman, though, and tried to give him confidence. Lew never understood. I bought paper for Norman, mailed things, listened to him. I did everything for him. I was always there. I fought with Lew about him. Many the sleepless night I spent worrying about Norman and seething at Lew.

Which is why I am so so so angry now.

A year ago, Norman brought his wife home. Mona. I shudder to think of her. He'd gone to Toronto to see agents. I sent him money, wrote encouraging letters. I'd even driven to Halifax to go to the library and found agents' names, since he wrote he wasn't having much luck.

He came back four months later. He called ahead from Truro to tell me he was married.

How can I describe my shock, my disbelief? *Married*. Even as I put clean sheets on his bed and aired the room, I was trembling. Why hadn't he discussed it with me first? I knew he couldn't support a wife. I could see myself waiting on the pair of them, Norman and his fancy Toronto wife who would turn her nose up at my cooking. I could even see Lew's point of view which was that Norman was thirty years old and had to support himself. "Make a man of him," Lew said, pleased at the news.

That was my state of mind when Mona stood in the door. A small girl, pale, shabby with stringy blonde hair. I

was both disappointed and relieved. Disappointed because Norman hadn't chosen better. Relieved because she was young and wishy-washy. She would not make Norman move away from here. I knew she was pregnant even before Norman told me. That was why he married her, of course. I brought him up to be decent and responsible.

Mona went right to bed.

"She's not feeling well," Norman said. "The long drive was tiring. You couldn't open a can of soup or something, could you?"

He seemed apologetic and embarrassed.

I already had homemade soup thawing out. A pie was in the oven. Mona ate like a bird. Norman watched anxiously. Her fingernails were dirty.

"She's had a pretty bad life, poor thing," Norman said later, when we were finally alone. He launched into a long,

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tawdry tale of divorced parents, step-parents, boarding schools.

"I think we'll be able to draw her out of her shell," Norman went on, innocent as could be. "I guess we'll have to be her family now. She's pregnant, you know?"

He was blushing. I didn't say anything.

"She's scared stiff, poor kid," he said.

Those kind of weak women know how to get their man. It's just a shame he didn't marry someone he really loved.

Knowing this, that he had only married her out of a sense of obligation, made it easier to have her around. Lew was thrilled about the baby-to-be. Also, Norman got a job, history teacher at the high school. Louisa, Lew's mother, was nice to Mona, whether out of pity or to get back at me, I don't know.

But Mona was so annoying. Always soaking in the tub, even when the well was low. Getting up late. Sitting at the breakfast table with her uncombed hair hanging in her pasty face, saying, "No-o-rmmm, coffee-ee, No-o-orrrmm."

And No-o-o-orrrmm fetching coffee, toast, vitamin pills. No-o-orrrmm hanging his wife's underwear on the clothesline. No-o-orrrmm taking trays to her room.

Lew died six months ago. He went to his boat and Norman found him five hours later, dead of a heart attack. I wept and wept — oh God, this is so hard. I still don't believe I'll never see him again. We were married for thirty-five years. We fought a lot once but it's like a part of me has been cut off, amputated. I bought a double plot in the cemetery. I'm going to have my name and birthdate carved on the tombstone beside his.

I didn't notice Mona so much after Lew died. Sometimes she even did some cooking, not that it turned out, and then I wished she wasn't there. I only wanted my family around me.

And then Catherine was born. A beautiful, beautiful little girl with my blue eyes and my dark hair. Everyone said she looked like me. It was a great consolation. You cannot always think of grief when you're holding a lovely baby in your arms. Many times I looked after her so Mona could rest. She'd had a hard labour and didn't know anything about babies. Not exactly the maternal type, to put it mildly.

One day in February she was diapering the baby on the table (a disgusting habit. I always took mine in another room). I was baking pies. I happened to glance over my shoulder and noticed how red and sore Catherine's bottom was.

"I'd better burn some flour," I said wiping my hands off. That always worked with my babies.

"I have salve," Mona said in that stuck-up way of hers.

"It doesn't seem to be doing much good though, does it? I'd better do her with the burned flour."

"Why don't you let me look after my baby in my own way?"

Now, I had only been speaking casually. I hadn't meant anything by it. That stupid wretch of a girl was almost crying.

"Why don't you mind your own business?" Mona cried.

"Catherine is my business," I replied. "She just happens to be my granddaughter."

"You're always interfering," she said.

"Maybe if you'd look after her properly I wouldn't have to interfere," I told her. Which was true. I'd never have said one blessed word if Mona had known anything about babies. I wasn't going to stand by and see my own grandchild neglected. Or any child, for that matter. And no one can fault me for that.

"She's my baby! Mine!"

By this time we were yelling and Louisa put her pencil down. She was sitting in her place by the window and doing her puzzle. Norman came downstairs to see what the ruckus was about. It was

BOOK EXCERPT

Saturday and he was writing, like he did every weekend, whenever he could find the time, the poor soul.

"I want a place of my own!" Mona yelled at him. "I just can't stand your mother anymore! She thinks she knows everything!"

"I know a whole sight more about babies than you'll ever know!" I yelled back at her. That snit of a girl!

Mona whirled around.

"You're just jealous!" she shrieked like some demented soul. "You wish it was you upstairs in bed with him instead of me!"

I slapped her face.
Hard.

"Get your wife out of my house," I told Norman.

"It's not your house!" she screamed. "It's not your house at all. I have just as much right here as you have. She owns this house, she does!" She pointed at Louisa. "She told me she still owns this place! Not you, not you!"

I could have strangled that stupid lunatic right on the spot. So she and Louisa had been conferring, whispering together, had they? Louisa with her pride and lady-of-the-manor ways and her

pissy sheets!

I should have strangled Mona.

I think I did make some move towards her because I remember Norman grabbed my arm. Anyway, the upshot of this scene, this episode of craziness, this trouble caused by that stupid wretch of a girl, was that it wrecked my family. I moved out to Lew's cabin. He left everything to me but Louisa still legally owned the house. He always meant to get it changed over to his name but he never got around to it. I guess he didn't expect to die so soon, and it surely never never occurred that his own mother would put me out of the house. Over the years, I'd fixed it up the way I wanted it. Louisa didn't like it at first. She even complained to Lew about it when my back was turned, I know. But it was my house. I brought my family up there and goodness only knows that I slaved like a lackey in that place.

Lew was just too trusting.

And here I am.

The cabin has two rooms, a kitchen with eating area, and the large bedroom with bunks in it. Louisa's old sofa is by the window. She's probably complaining I have it. A large window looks over the woods. When you stand on your tip-toes you can see the ocean, which is only five minutes away. There are open shelves for dishes, a wooden table and four chairs. The walls are made of logs and the wooden floor is painted bright red. I use one of the lower bunks. There's no bathroom inside; a two-holer sits to the back of the cabin. The well is on the other side.

So this is home now, but it is mine and no one can take it from me. I also have the two boats, the truck, Lew's hunting and fishing gear. And the insurance money. I fish lobsters and have done some handlining. I sell my catch to Drew MacDonald of MacDonald Fisheries.

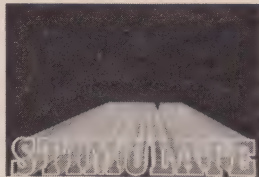
Fisherwoman.

Oh but I am so angry. I am spinning, broiling, boiling, grating, battering, trembling, and shaking with rage. Sometimes I wake up at night, so angry that I have to do something, scrub the floor or clean the shelves.

I should have killed her...

Lew had an illegitimate son, Louis Fortune. His mother, Polly, hadn't known that Lew's real name was Llewellyn. We used to visit Polly when we were first married. Lew had told me all about her, of course. Bragging, I think. But then we got married and I think he was sorry he had told me. Polly wasn't supposed to know that I knew. We played cards. She was five years older than Lew. She already looked middle-aged then, plump and dowdy, with grey in her hair. Whenever we came back from her house I wept. "You still love her!" I railed. Our love-making was always very passionate on those nights.

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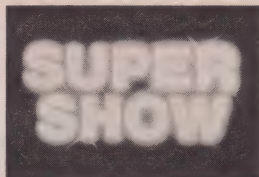
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There was also the little boy, Louis, Lew's bastard son. Louis was a skinny kid with big ears but you could see the looks. I was so glad that I was pregnant and kept telling myself that I would be having Lew's *real* child. And of course I was right about this. That's what matters — who you marry, who you are with openly. Once you're dead and in the ground, your name is beside your husband's on a tombstone and who's to know about all the other things? They just disappear, as if they've never been. But in those days I still thought Louis and Polly mattered. So I put a stop to these visits. . . .

But at Lew's funeral, who should turn up but Louis Fortune. He was crying. He kissed his dead father's forehead. The nerve of him — it was so terrible to see! I can't forget it, although I try not to think of it.

But he seems to be everywhere now. Anytime I go to town he's lurking around. The other week I went to the tavern with Molly Levine (not something I do usually, it's not a fit place for a woman, but since I'm such a renegade now anyway, I think, what the hell!), he was there looking at me, peering out from under his shaggy hair and greasy old hat. Like he wanted to talk to me, but that would be the day! It must have been dreadful for Lew, seeing Louis around town and along the shore. Louis never works anywhere for long. Sometimes he goes fishing or does some odd jobs around. I heard once he sold dope. I wish he'd move away or something so I wouldn't be reminded of that time in Lew's life.

After I came out of the tavern I had to pick up a few groceries and who should I meet but Gabriel. He was coming out of the liquor store.

"How was your supper?" I asked him.

"We had roast beef."

"And?"

"Let's not discuss food." He was huddled into that long black coat of his. It was raining. Everything looked grey. The snow was melting into grey slushy water. Maybe Gabriel was hungover.

"Why don't you drive me home?" he suggested. "Do a good deed for the needy. I don't see how I can make it on my own."

We walked to the tavern parking lot where I'd left my truck. Louis was just coming out of the tavern. He was staggering. When he saw me he stared, then stopped.

"People are disgusting when they're drunk," I told Gabriel.

This cabin is awful when it rains. The fire had gone out when I came home. Usually there are coals left when I get in, but today because of the stop in town, the fire had gone out completely. The stove smoked. The wood was wet. At least I do have wood though. The weeks before Lew's death he chopped wood, split it, paid all his bills and had the furnace cleaned. It was as if he knew he was

dying and wanted to make sure I was taken care of before he went.

I wept, thinking about him. That's when it's terrible, when I'm alone in the cabin and everything is still and I know the woods outside are dark and deep and wet and the wind is whistling through the trees and there I am by myself. I know he loved me a lot; we were married a long time. The Lew who comes to me now, in the night, is different from the Lew anyone else knew. The blustering and snobbiness, the high-hattedness — what was that but a cover? I imagine him alone in his boat, dying. . . . And this is so terrible because I had never thought he would die. And if I had known, I might have been softer with him sometimes.

Kinder.

But we never know, no one knows, and all the bad angry thoughts, what do they matter, in the end? All I ever really wanted was to love Lew and be really and truly loved by him and there was some place we did do this, where we really met, I think, but . . . I'll never see him again. Never.

Sometimes I don't believe this.

But it's true.

And what can I do but weep?

Oh, I know feeling sorry for yourself is a useless, stupid thing that solves nothing and tears are stupid too. They serve no good whatsoever.

I cried for a long time before I went to sleep.



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Authors in the family

Despite their penchant for globe-trotting, photographer Freeman Patterson joins sister Doris Calder for a down home book-launching in Shamper's Bluff, N.B.

by J.A. Burnett

Think of a book-launching, and you may imagine a rather sedate, high-brow affair where the literati sip white wine and nibble quiche. Think of the Kingston Peninsula, in New Brunswick, and the images will be of wooded hills lapped by blue water, old farmsteads and deep-rooted Loyalist traditions. Somehow a book-launching and the Kingston Peninsula do not seem compatible.

Nevertheless, on May 26, 1984, Percheron Press of Sackville, New Brunswick, joined Doris Calder at Freeman Patterson's home on Shamper's Bluff to launch *All Our Born Days — A Lively History of the Kingston Peninsula*. As a bonus, visitors also got a sneak preview of *Garden of the Gods*, Freeman's fourth and, to date, most spectacular book of photographs, being released this summer by Key-Porter Books of Toronto.

Freeman Patterson is one of Canada's foremost photographers, renowned for his brilliant photo essays of flowers and nature. His sister, Doris Calder, is a published writer but *All Our Born Days*, which was released this spring, is her first book. They both spent their childhood here on their parents' farm at Grey's Mills on New Brunswick's Kingston Peninsula.

Solitude is what most characterized Freeman's boyhood. With very few chil-

dren in the neighborhood, his leisure hours were spent in the company of the birds and animals, the plants along the forest paths — in short, nature.

"I can remember that I really liked to grow flowers," he recalls. "I wanted the place to look nice. Around a farm that was the last thing there was much time to be concerned with. But I noticed things. Even as a child I had a latent aesthetic concern."

Doris, Freeman's younger sister, has similar memories of her childhood but her fascination was with storytelling.

"One noon hour when I was about six or seven," she says, "the teacher was out, and we all went to the woodshed behind the one-room schoolhouse. It was dark inside, except for the shafts of light coming in between the boards. I can see it so well! All of the other children sitting there in total darkness, and I was telling stories."

The boy who loved nature and wanted things to look nice, and the girl who loved to tell stories have long since grown up but their childhood preoccupations have stayed with them. Strangely enough, in this day and age, having travelled the world, they have both returned to live once more on the Kingston Peninsula.

The day of the book-launching dawned with a promise of spring sunshine. By mid-morning ragged blankets of Fundy fog had shrouded the Saint

John and Kennebecasis Valleys. Doris admitted to a flutter of nervous concern that people might not show up; that the writer's cramp acquired the night before from autographing 650 copies of her book might have been in vain. She need not have worried.

Guests came from as far afield as Connecticut and Halifax. They came by the hundreds from nearby Hampton, Kingston, Clifton Royal, Gorham's Bluff, Gondola Point, and Long Reach. It seemed at times as if everyone on the peninsula had come to share in the event.

For local residents, the book they had come to celebrate was, in a way, their very own. In the preface Doris wrote:

"I have been able to tell the story of the Peninsula because of the kindness and support of many people. They have shared their diaries and scrapbooks, dug up old photographs, and given encouragement ... Thank you, Kingston Peninsula."

There was no white wine at this literary gathering, but lots of tea and coffee; no quiche, but mountains of sandwiches and cakes prepared by the ladies of the local historical society; no intellectual banter but an air of friendly informality prevailed so that every new arrival, from near or far, was made to feel like one of the family by the people immortalized in Doris' book.

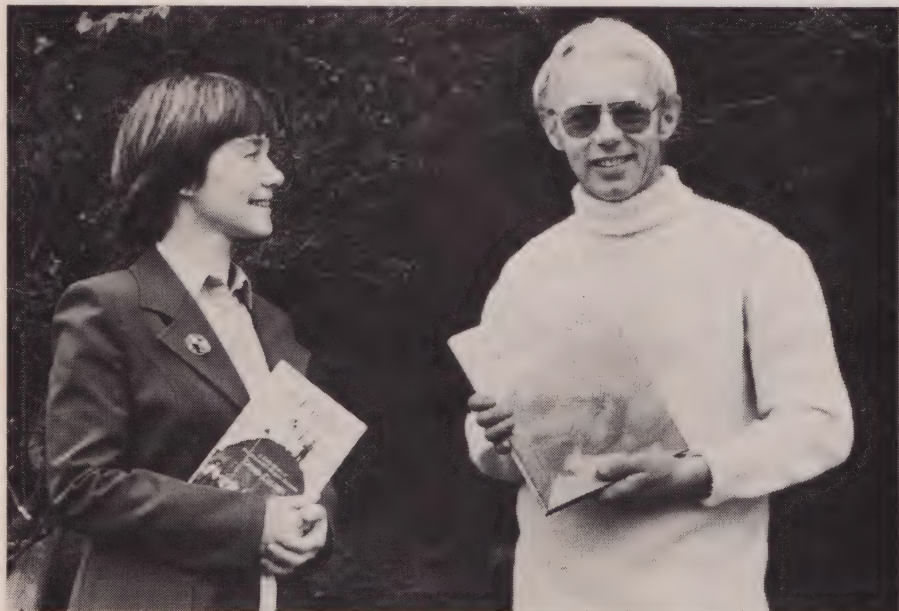
People like Terry Adair, a soft-spoken fisherman who harvests two to three-hundred pound sturgeon from the Saint John River and smokes their rich flesh to make one of Atlantic Canada's least known and most delicious delicacies.

There was Augusta (Gussie) Wood, a bright-eyed lady in her eighties who smilingly pointed herself out as a girl in a family portrait taken in 1909 and reproduced for posterity in the book.

There was Harold Kierstead, another octogenarian, regaling the company with the tale of the day in 1906 when the horse-drawn school van tipped over.

"One second we were on the road, and the next — zowie! — down the bank we went in a tangle of kids and lunch boxes and spilled tea. There was this woman in the van — a big woman, must have weighed 250 pounds. She got herself up, and laughed at one little fellow and said, 'It's a good thing you landed on top of me. If I'd landed on you there'd be nothing left.'"

Seven years of painstaking research into archives, attics, and memories preceded the publication of *All Our Born Days*. Assisted by a Canada Council Explorations Grant, Doris conducted close to one hundred extended interviews from which, with a raconteur's sure sense of narrative, she gleaned the best anecdotes, the most illuminating insights. Her talent, combined with the editorial assis-



Freeman Patterson (right) and sister Doris Calder combine book launches

PROFILE



Awesome Immensity; Fragile Beauty — a preview of selected photographs of Namaqualand, South Africa from *Garden of the Gods* by Freeman Patterson, published by Key-Porter Books, Toronto.



tance of brother Freeman and Toronto based freelance editor Susan Kiil, and the book-design talents of Dennis Mills, has produced a book which is not only an excellent local history but is also entertaining.

All Our Born Days is a delightful account of one small corner of the world from prehistoric times to the recent past. Although the subject is essentially local, the sense of history and humanity with which it has been written gives it a timeless and universal appeal. This, one feels, could be the story of any small community which has remained sufficiently out of the mainstream to be still firmly attached to its roots. The exploits and legends of pioneering days retain their sap and vigor in such places. The folk wisdom accumulated over generations still commands a lingering respect, be it in the Orkneys, the Ozarks, or the Kingston Peninsula.

In an interesting parallel, Freeman's own new book, *Garden of the Gods*, is also set in a rural location, albeit thousands of miles away. Namaqualand forms the north-western extremity of South Africa, just south of disputed Namibia, and bordered by the South Atlantic Ocean. It was Doris who introduced Freeman to Africa. In the mid-1960s she and her husband, John Calder, now an English teacher at Kennebecasis Valley Regional High School, were volunteers teaching in Botswana, a few hundred miles to the north-east of Namaqualand.

"We were just thrilled by Africa," Doris recalls. "The people, the landscape, the flowers were all so beautiful. I kept writing to Freeman, saying, 'You must come! You must see this! And be-


fore the year was over, he came.'"

Freeman, too, was captivated by Africa's mystique. He has returned time and again to experience its ageless beauty and to capture it on film. He estimates that he must now have over 20,000 slides from his Namaqualand travels.

"Why Namaqualand?" he ponders. "I can't explain it except that it affects me emotionally like no other landscape I've ever known. I understand the people very well. They're like the people of the Kingston Peninsula when I was growing up, so I feel very comfortable there. It's isolated, basic, agricultural, and superb."

"There are these enormous boulders," he continues. "So little water, yet they're sculpted into fantastic shapes over millions of years. And the flowers in such profusion. There is a mystical, overwhelming quality in it. I have found myself in that landscape literally wanting to lie down and be absorbed by its immortality and its immensity."

Garden of the Gods captures both the mystery and the familiarity of Namaqualand in a scant twenty-two pages of finely crafted text and a superbly generous selection of color photographs. Scheduled for simultaneous release in Canada and South Africa, it seems likely to become one of the most popular coffee-table treasures of the year.

Meanwhile, if Doris and Freeman's parents, Gordon and Ethel Patterson, who still work the family farm at Grey's Mills, should indulge themselves in an occasional moment of quiet pride in their progeny's creative accomplishments, it is understandable. They and the Kingston Peninsula can be justifiably proud of the success to which they have contributed so much. 

Excerpt from: *All Our Born Days*

THE RUNAWAY

"Hurricanes, towering waves, and dangerous reefs didn't deter young Peninsula men from setting their hearts on the sea. Dreams of thrill and adventure contrasted sharply with the drudgery of farming and logging, and many left at a very early age.

"When Bob Seely of Grey's Mills was only thirteen, he ran away to sea. One day his father, Alfred, told him to fix an old rail fence, but Bob had a better idea. Down the road he went until he met someone at Long Reach who was willing to row him across the river in exchange for a jack-knife. From there he made his way to the docks at Saint John. While he prowled among the wharves, he spotted his father looking for him, so he hid behind some barrels until the way was clear, leaped aboard a ship about to leave for Europe, and sailed with it.

"For months his parents heard nothing of Bob or his whereabouts, and gave him up for lost. Then, a year later, his mother, Eliza, received an envelope from Madrid. Inside was a

photograph of a man, with the words 'Hamburg, Germany.' When Alfred and Eliza studied the picture, they realized it was their son Bob, dressed like a gentleman and looking several years older than he really was. They heard nothing more for years.

"Then, one day as they sat quietly eating their dinner in the farmhouse kitchen, the door opened, and in stepped a stranger in a sea captain's uniform. He removed his cap and, without saying anything, sat down at the table and began to eat. Alfred and Eliza spoke not a word, wondering who this brash stranger could be. Then the stranger looked Alfred straight in the eye and said, 'I came home to fix the fence.'"

Excerpt from: *All Our Born Days — A Lively History of the Kingston Peninsula*, Copyright 1984 by Doris Calder. Reproduced by permission of Percheron Press, Tantram Publishing Limited, Sackville, N.B.

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The softball was always hard, and the game was always good

In this excerpt from Harry Bruce's forthcoming book *Each Moment As It Flies* (Methuen Publications), he recalls how he taught some Nova Scotian farm kids to play softball, while one of them taught him the meaning of courage

When I tell young softball players I played the game bare-handed, they regard me warily. Am I one of those geezers who's forever jawing about the fact that, in *his* day, you had to walk through six miles of snowdrifts just to get to school? Will I tediously lament the passing of the standing broad jump, and the glorious old days when the only football in the Maritimes was English rugby, when hockey was an outdoor art rather than indoor mayhem and, at

decent yacht clubs, men were gentlemen and women were *personas non grata*? No, but I will tell today's softball players that — with their fancy uniforms, batters' helmets, dugouts, manicured diamonds, guys to announce who's at bat over public-address systems and, above all, gloves for every fielder — the game they play is more tarterd-up and sissy than the one I knew.

Softball bloomed in the Dirty Thirties because it was a game the most impoverished deadbeat could afford to play. For schools, it had the edge that soccer still has over North American football: It required no expensive equipment. It was the people's game in the worst of times. Unlike baseball, which calls for a field the size of a town, softball could flourish in one corner of a city

ILLUSTRATION BY RICK PAYNE

ESSAY

park, on a vacant lot, in any schoolyard. The only gear you needed was a ball, a bat, a catcher's glove and mask, and a first baseman's glove, a floppy affair which I knew as a "trapper." Two amiable teams might even use the same gloves — two gloves for 18 players.

In the Toronto grade school league of the Forties, gloves for all other players were outlawed. This meant that early in the season the hands of a boy shortstop felt as though a 300-lb. vice-principal had given him the strap. Any team that lasted long enough to reach the city finals, however, boasted little infielders with palms like saddle-leather. They learned to catch a line drive with both hands, not by snaring it with a glove big enough to hold a medicine ball. They cushioned the ball by drawing back their

baseball, with seams that were pretty well flush with the horsehide cover. Then there was a solid rubber ball with fake seams. After a while, this ball did soften up but, on grounds it no longer hurt enough for competition, it was then retired for use only in practice. Then there was the "outseam" ball. Perhaps it was not a sadist who invented it. Perhaps it was merely someone who sought durability in lean times. But the outseam was a quarter-inch ridge of leather so hard that, when you fielded a rifling, spinning grounder, the ball felt as though its real function was to rip the skin off your palms. The outseam ball was a character-builder.

We had no uniforms, but if you reached the city finals team sweaters might magically emerge from some secret cache in the school basement. Certain coaches held the stern theory that even these were bad news, that boys

youngsters, gangs of ragamuffins by today's standards of sartorial elegance in softball, played furiously competitive, heads-up ball.

If you played outside the school system, for a team sponsored by a camera shop, dairy, hardware store or greasy spoon, then you did get a sweater. You swaggered in it. You'd earned it. Not every kid was good enough to make a team with sweaters. They were advertisements of ability. Nowadays, of course, any kid with the money can buy an Expos' jacket or a Pirates' cap. They're merely advertisements of disposable income, much like the \$25 millions worth of gear that the chains of athletic-shoe stores expected to sell in Canada during recession-ridden 1982.

But as a celebrator of softball austerity, I am a pipsqueak beside an 80-year-old tycoon I know. As a boy in a Nova Scotia coal-mining town, he played cricket and street baseball with home-made bats and balls. To make a ball, boys hoarded string and wrapped it around a rock, or if they were lucky a small rubber ball. We made very good balls,"

he said, "and we had just as much fun as kids have today with all their expensive stuff." In line with

Canada's hoariest hockey tradition, he added, "We used a piece of frozen manure for a puck. It worked just about as good."

It wasn't as durable as rubber, but in those days there was no shortage of horse poop.

cupped hands at the split-second of impact. They fielded sizzling grounders by turning sideways, dropping one knee to the ground, getting their whole bodies in front of the ball, then scooping it up, again with both small, bare hands.

A word about balls. The *New Columbia Encyclopedia* says, "Despite the name, the ball used is not soft," which may be the understatement of the tome's 3052 pages. There were three kinds of softball, and each was about as soft as anthracite. The best was simply a big

would be so captivated by their own spiffy appearance they'd lose that vital concentration on the game itself, and commit errors. Some boys played in the only shoes they owned, scampers or black oxfords. Others had beaten-up sneakers and, on most teams, some wore short pants and some long. But these

I once played with a home-made baseball myself. Indeed, I placed the order for its construction. In the summer of '46, when I turned 12, my father exiled me from Toronto to spend two months at the Bruce homestead on a Nova Scotian shore. That shore, even now, is as sleepy a spot as you're ever likely to find. Not even most Nova Scotians know where it is. But in 1946, the community was not merely remote, it was an anachronism. It hadn't changed much since Victoria had been queen, and to a kid from what he fancied as a bustling, modern metropolis, its empty beauty was at first desolating. This was the ultimate sticks, the boondocks with a vengeance, and I

ESSAY

worked off my loneliness by playing catch with myself. Hour after hour, I hurled a Toronto tennis ball against a bluenose barn, catching it on the rebound.

Then I discovered potential ball-players.

They lived on the farm next door. They were a big, cheerful family, and my knowing them then started my lifelong love affair with the neighborhood. As things are unfolding now, I'll end up there for good. Anyway, several of these farm kids — the oldest was a gentle man of 15 who, with one paralysing hand, pinned me to a hayfield while I endured the sweet, excruciating humiliation of having his giggling, 13-year-old sister plant saliva on my face — were old enough to play a form of softball. Amazingly, however, they'd never played it, nor seen it. They'd never even heard the word.

I told the 15-year-old a softball bat was *this* long, and *this* thick at one end, and *this* thin at the other. He made one in half an hour. It wasn't exactly a Louisville Slugger but it had heft to it, and at the same time it was light enough to enable the smaller kids to take a good cut at the ball. What ball? My tennis ball had split. When I knowledgeably declared that the heart of a real baseball was cork, the 15-year-old took me down

to the stony shore to negotiate with a character I've preserved in memory as "the Ball-maker." He was a hermit who had just given up commercial fishing on his own. He would never again sail the small schooner he'd built, and she'd begun to rot where she lay, a few feet closer to Chedabucto Bay than the ramshackle hut where he somehow survived the seasons.

Several of these farm kids — the oldest was a gentle man of 15 — were old enough to play softball. Amazingly, however, they'd never played it, nor seen it. They'd never even heard the word.

He was a "beach person," as surely as the salt-stunted spruce were beach trees, and therefore disreputable. If he had known women they had not been church-going women. He was thin, stooped, gnarled, and smelled as though he'd been embalmed in brine, rum, tar, tobacco juice, his own sweat and sinister doings. There was something wrong with one of his eyes and some of his fingers,

and though he may only have been as old as I am now (50), I thought he was ancient enough, and certainly evil enough to have slit throats for Blackbeard.

The Ball-maker conversed with grunts, snarls, illogical silences, and an accent so thick that, to me, it was a foreign language. But we struck a deal. He gave me a dime. If I would walk inland, following a brookside path through a forest of spruce and fir, and on past a sawmill to a general store, and if I would use the dime to buy him a plug of chewing tobacco and, further, if I would then take the tobacco to him . . . well, he would meanwhile sculpt a baseball-sized sphere of cork. And he did. He fashioned it from three pieces: A thick, round disc and two polar caps, all jammed together with a single spike. That ball was so flawless it was spooky. I can still see it and feel it in my hand, a brown globe so perfect I wondered if the Ball-maker was a warlock.

Back at my friends' farm, we encased the cork in scratchy manila twine till we had something bigger than a hardball but smaller than a softball. For bases, we dropped sweaters among the cowflaps in a pasture, and the lesson began. We would play the kind of teamless ball that's been known in a million schoolyards: As each batter went out, the fielders would all change positions to

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guarantee that every player got a crack at batting. As the ace from Toronto, I naturally led off. Trouble was, I adored the afternoon's first pitcher. It was she who'd kissed me in the hayfield.

She had hair like a blonde waterfall, eyes like dark chocolate, and skin I ached to touch and smell. Whenever we wrestled, she won. I still dislike that adult sneer, "puppy love." A boy of 12 can love a girl of 13 with agonizing power. To make matters worse, he hasn't a hope in hell of even understanding the emotion that's racking his skinny being, much less satisfying it. All he knows is that she obsesses him, he yearns for her, he must always appear fine in her eyes.

She had never pitched in her life so it surprised me when she tossed her waterfall in the sunlight and floated the ball gently into the strike zone. Her first pitch. It crept towards me, letter-high. It could have been hanging there in front of me on a string from the sky, and I stepped into it with all the style I'd learned from a hundred Toronto afternoons. Thwack! A line drive so fast no one saw it, and down she went. She crumpled in a heap of blouse, skirt, hair and bare, beloved arms and legs. I had smacked her with the cursed, hairy ball square on her right eye. Her big brother got her sitting up, and we all huddled round her, with me bleating horrified apologies. She never cried. She managed a smile, got to her feet, and shakily went home.

When she turned up for our second game, she had the ugliest black eye I have ever seen on a child. To me, it was a beauty mark. She never blamed me for it. It became a bond, proof of a famous incident we'd shared. She was a tough, forgiving farm girl, and she and her brothers and sisters taught me something I'd not forget about the rough grace of the country folk down home. We played ball for weeks. We played till we pounded the ball to bits, till her eye was once more perfect, and summer was gone.

The car that drove me to the train station passed their farm. Sheets on the clothesline billowed in the usual south-westerly. With her brothers and sister, she was horsing around with their wolfish mutt. They stopped to watch the car moving along the dirt road, and then they all waved good-bye. I was glad they were too far away to see my face. I still lacked her control.

I have my own cabin on that shore now, and though most of those farmyard ballplayers of 38 summers ago have moved away I still see one of them occasionally. He's a mere 47 and I like him now as I liked him then. Sometimes I walk along the gravel beach to a patch of grass, from which a footpath once led to a general store. The Ball-maker's shack is gone, but gray planks and ribs and rusty boat nails still endure the lashing of the salt wind that ceaselessly sweeps the bay. They're all that's left of his schooner. Wrecked by time, like bare-handed softball.



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The Confederation Centre comes of age at twenty

Charlottetown's Confederation Centre could have been parking space but for the efforts of a few people dedicated to the Island's artistic life. Now, on its birthday and after some hard times, the Centre looks towards the future.

by Ann Thurlow

Not more than a few feet from the chair that Gary Craswell now occupies as director of theatre, is the very door he held open for Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip when they arrived twenty years ago to unveil a plaque declaring the Confederation Centre of the Arts officially open. He was a doorman then, a "usual first job" he calls it now.

But there was nothing usual about the first door he held open nor the way he was to rise through the ranks. Though it happened twenty years ago, he remembers the experience as if it were yesterday.

"There I was, in my shirt sleeves and bowtie, holding the door open for the Queen. Prince Philip leaned over to me and said, 'You must be chilly in your shirt sleeves.' I just stood there with my mouth open. Then later he saw me again and asked if I had warmed up. I was amazed. He remembered!"

Amazement is something that comes easily to Craswell even now, as the Centre, the country's memorial to "the birthplace of Confederation" (it all started at a meeting in Charlottetown in the summer of 1864) celebrates its 20th anniversary. For example, there's his own progression from doorman to director which has paralleled the Centre's evolution through early growing pains (mostly financial) to its present status as one of Canada's main showcases of theatre and the visual arts.

That heady opening on July 1st, 1964, Queen and Prince and multitudes of other dignitaries in attendance, caught the nation's imagination. But it didn't hold it. Afterwards it still had a reputation to build — the Centre had to prove that it wasn't just an inert memorial, but that it had a real role to play as a national force in the visual arts.

It wasn't always easy. "It took ten years for the Centre to prove itself to Canada," says Craswell. After that "it

took another five years to prove itself to the locals." The locals weren't always keen — at least some of them. Craswell remembers coming out of a nearby store and hearing "a man from Summerside complaining that there should be a parking lot where the Centre is."

Cracks like that were around from the very beginning. There was a lot to overcome. And although the Centre is a national institution, Craswell says he sometimes feels as though he's fighting the old battles all over again. Those battles tend to be financial ones these days, rather than against unbelievers. Although the Centre gets fixed grants from the Canada Council and money from the provincial government it still has to raise a considerable amount of its revenue from annual fund-raising drives. The six-week Charlottetown Festival alone costs \$1.5 million to put on, he says.

"Sometimes," Craswell adds, "it feels as though this place is being held together by a thread." That thread is the faith of the Centre's supporters and believers.

It was so from the very beginning. The Centre was born from an act of faith.

Though no one could foresee it at the time, it was a fire in the centre of Charlottetown that began the whole thing. Alan Holman, a local merchant and one of the driving forces behind the Centre, remembers the day well.

"The old market building right in the centre of town burned down. It was a wooden structure and the wind sent glowing shingles everywhere. At one point, the roof blew right off. Luckily, it had rained the night before or we would have had a real disaster on our hands."

Holman says that the first reaction to the mess was to bulldoze the entire site and pave it for parking. But Dr. Frank MacKinnon, then president of Prince of Wales College (now part of the University of P.E.I.) had other ideas.

"He began to talk about a cultural centre as a memorial to the Fathers of Confederation," Holman remembers. "Just about everyone thought he was nuts."

Actually, MacKinnon had been talking about it since 1950 when he had proposed the idea to the Massey Commission on the arts. Also, MacKinnon was a rarity — an academic who could also be a salesman. Armed with only his own passionate belief in the project and the support of a few local people, he travelled to every province promoting the idea and succeeded in meeting with Prime Minister John Diefenbaker.

MacKinnon's point was that there was no memorial to the Fathers of Confederation in the country and the 100th anniversary of the Charlottetown Conference was coming up. On top of that, P.E.I. was sadly lacking in any facility for the promotion of arts and culture.



PHOTOS BY GORD JOHNSTON

Craswell: The Centre has proven itself

MacKinnon managed to convince the provinces to donate money to the project based on a cents per capita formula (seven provinces donate two cents for every person in the province to this day) and obtained further funding from the federal government. The Fathers of Confederation Trust Foundation was founded, with responsibility for funding and construction, and Frank MacKinnon's dream was on its way.

Recalls Holman, "Most of the people of P.E.I. were astounded, to say the least. Prior to the construction of the Centre, cultural activities from outside the province were limited to yearly visits from the Canadian Opera Company (under the auspices of Dr. Frank MacKinnon, it might be added). There was the Harris Gallery, but to get in to see the paintings you had to go into the library and ask for the key. Even at that, only a few of the paintings were on the walls. The rest were piled higgledy-piggledy along the floor." These included the works of Robert Harris, the artist whose name the gallery carries.

Though the dream was close to becoming a reality, things did not move as smoothly as they might have. Despite MacKinnon's zealous fundraising and hard work on the part of the Trust, the Centre fell half a million dollars short of its eventual \$6.15 million construction cost. A last minute cost sharing arrangement with the federal government saved the day — the first of what was to be a long line of last minute financial miracles.

And so the Centre opened on time, complete with the Queen and the Prince and a command performance featuring such notables as Lorne Greene and Maureen Forrester and two people who were to figure prominently in the whole exercise.

"It was just 15 months from the time the project was started until the Queen walked in the door," says Jim Phillips, director of properties and premises, who has also been with the Centre from the beginning. There were myriad technical and architectural problems resulting from a desire to finish the project quickly but "it seemed important at the time that the Centre open on schedule," he says.

Once opened, the Centre embarked on its quest for national recognition. It met very soon with a success that pushed all its problems onto the back burner — the transformation of P.E.I. author Lucy Maud Montgomery's novel *Anne of Green Gables* into a hit musical.

Don Harron adapted the story for the stage under the persuasion of Mavor Moore, the pre-eminent promoter of Canadian theatre and the theatre's first director (now teaching acting at the University of British Columbia). Norman Campbell was convinced to write the music, and the rest, as the saying goes, is history. *Anne* opened the next summer and, for nineteen years, has tripped through the hearts of hundreds of thousands of people, at the Charlottetown

Festival and on tours of three continents. During the Festival season, there is virtually not a seat unsold and a recent tour netted an unheard-of \$155,000 profit.

The success of *Anne* has allowed the Festival to take some risks on other shows and has, in some sense, allowed the rest of the Centre to function, including the art gallery. Former gallery director and now director emeritus Moncrief Williamson puts it simply. "*Anne*," he says, "is our bread and butter."

Certainly Williamson knows from whence he speaks. When he first moved from Victoria, B.C. to take the position of the gallery's first director, art acquisition fell in line behind new percolators for the restaurant on the list of priorities. As he and Mavor Moore watched the complex grow from their office across the street above Woolworth's, he began to face the grim reality of a gallery with no money to buy art.

"I wrote to about 50 artistic friends or artists I knew about and asked them if they would lend us their work for a period of six months. That gave us something to open with. After six months, I purchased the lot. I spent \$15,000 and presented the board of directors with the bill. That made them think," he recalls.

And think they did. Though still overshadowed by the lavish productions of the Charlottetown Festival, the gallery has managed to build an impressive collection of Canadian art, mostly through the persistence of Dr. Williamson. The twentieth anniversary show features pieces obtained through gifts, bequests and purchases — all representative of each year the gallery has been open. Among the gallery's permanent collection is most of the craft exhibition from the Canadian pavilion at Expo '67 (Dr. Williamson organized the display), and the gallery is particularly renowned for its collection of a large body of work by Harris.

Though faced with tough going, the gallery in the sixties was permeated by a heady exuberance that filled the whole Centre and, indeed, the whole era. Judy MacDonald came to the Centre 19 years ago to work in public relations. Like Phillips and Craswell, she received her education at the Centre, moving through several functions. She is now gallery registrar. She remembers with some fondness the high energy atmosphere of the early days when "do your own thing"

was the byword.

"We used to open the gallery up and turn it over to happenings. I remember when Nancy White staged a potato happening in Memorial Hall and on the concourse. People came and, well, enjoyed potatoes."

Nor was the theatre exempt from the mood of craziness. Scripts from the cabaret were often written the morning before an evening's performance, with notable actors such as Kate Reid, Don Cullen and Dave Broadfoot joining in on the effort. Gary Craswell remembers Cullen reading from a tomato soup can



Phillips: Helping the Centre to open on schedule

at one cabaret, delivering the "heat and serve" directions like a fire and brimstone sermon.

Says Judy MacDonald, "Perhaps in a way we aren't as imaginative as we were in those days, but we certainly are more realistic. Certainly things are run much more by professionals than they used to be. And then, too, there isn't as much money around. Money certainly is a limiting problem."

One of the parts of the Festival that is returning to those days of animated amateurism is the children's theatre. Though casts for children's productions in recent years have been composed of members of the Festival company, this year the cast will be strictly amateur, guided by a professional director. With this departure, the Centre is returning to its roots. And perhaps the return will lead to the discovery of another Anne, just as Gracie Findley was discovered working in the children's theatre in the early sixties.

Findley was just a junior high school student when she first stepped on to the Confederation Centre stage in a school production of *Once Upon a Clothesline*. A promising actress even at that age, she became involved with the children's productions and was eventually asked to

COVER STORY



MacDonald: a "do your own thing" kind of atmosphere



Findley: Returning to the role of Anne

audition as an apprentice. She played her first Festival role with Don Harron and Kate Reid in *The Ottawa Man* when she was just 15.

It was while she was an apprentice that she was spotted by Harron as possible Anne material. In a short time, she had convinced not only Harron and Norman Campbell of her suitability for the part, but director Alan Lund as well. At the age of 16, she walked on to the stage as the Festival's second Anne.

Gracie Findley grew up with the Centre. On her final curtain call the day before she was to be married, the orchestra played the "Wedding March." She played Anne six months into her first pregnancy and again the orchestra marked a milestone in her life by playing "Brahms' Lullaby" as she took her final bow that season.

Though she retired after playing Anne for six years, Gracie Findley is returning to the role this year as part of the twentieth anniversary celebrations. She says that from the beginning, and to this day, she senses what she calls a particular possessiveness among people who are involved with the Centre, a kind of commitment that makes the place special.

Besides those who have been intimately involved with the Centre's development, that sense of possessiveness has also grown among Islanders. Though billed as "a centre for all Canadians,"

there is no doubt that the Canadians living on P.E.I. have benefited most of all.

Not that the going has been easy. Alan Holman tells the story of someone who tried to take a cab from the Charlottetown airport to the Centre, only to be asked by the driver, "What do you want to go there for? It's just a bunch of kooks." And the building has been called, usually less than fondly, the Island's biggest potato warehouse.

But ask any of the 50,000 young people who have benefited from the Centre's art programs over the past twenty years and they'll tell you that the place is pretty wonderful.

Much of the impetus for the early children's programs began with Dr. Williamson's wife Pamela. An experienced art teacher, she began classes at the Centre in 1964, classes that have since seen literally thousands of young people pass through the doors. Dr. Williamson says he often sees alumni of the program on the street and they make a point of saying how much the program meant to them.

As well, the Centre now offers programs in creative drama and some students from these classes have gone on to become involved in the summer festival. And two musical groups — the *Boy's Choir* and the *Girls Choir* have made records, toured in Canada and abroad and sung for royalty. Art gallery exten-

sion programs have taken art into schools, shopping centres and community halls all over the Island, offering young and old alike the opportunity to see artists' work and sometimes to meet the artists themselves. For some, the Centre may be the beginning of their love affair with *Anne*, but for countless others it has been the beginning of their love affair with art.

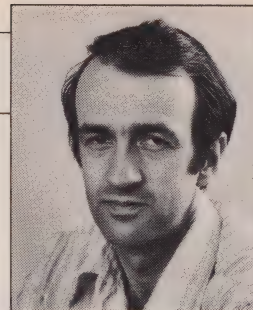
And it's not only the children who benefit. Gary Craswell says that when the Centre first began bringing ballet to the Main Stage, they were lucky if they got 300 people out to a performance. Today, the performances are usually sold out. Craswell credits the school matinees with educating the audience, but he also says that sheer persistence has helped. And having a drawing card like *Anne of Green Gables* hasn't hurt either. Says Craswell, "A lot of people will come first to see *Anne* and then become interested in seeing something else. *Anne* is a good first step."

He estimates that tourists make up 65 to 75 per cent of the audience for the summer festival, but Islanders alone, he says, fill the seats in winter.

Whatever hesitations Islanders may have once had, the large majority have taken the Centre for their own. "The Island owes a lot to the Centre," Craswell says. "But the Centre owes everything to the Island."



Can time heal Canada's "Newfoundland problem?"



Whenver political problems are solved, it's often the salve of time that does the trick rather than the ministrations of politicians. The "Newfoundland problem," if we can call it that, is showing signs of such a beneficial healing despite the bad medicine given it by its political caretakers.

For one thing, time has dispatched Pierre Trudeau. With Trudeau's particularly stiff brand of pride and ego removed from the federal half of the Ottawa-Newfoundland equation, there's room for movement, perhaps even understanding.

Premier Brian Peckford's particular brand of pride and ego is still around, of course, but time has done a job on that too. The "bad boy of Confederation" shined the scuffs off his shoes and, this spring, went on a cross-Canada tour to put, nicely, Newfoundland's case to the country in the hope of having it high up on the agenda in the campaign for the coming federal election.

Public interest wasn't high everywhere, but it was a good move. It may have assisted what seems to be an evolution going on in the country in how the problem is perceived. It may be a matter of small degrees so far, but the amount and tone of mainland media attention indicates that there's a growing appreciation that it's not just a Newfoundland problem, but a Canadian one as well. This is as it should be. If Newfoundland were a large province instead of a small one it wouldn't be seen as a problem at all. It would be a "crisis," a threat to the well-being of the nation.

The problem, at root, is not that a confiscatory and brutally centralist federal government is out on an offshore resources grab, as the province sees it; nor that an obstructionist and recalcitrant provincial government full of wild nationalists has made it impossible to negotiate, as Ottawa sees it.

Both these positions have their superficial truths. But the deeper problem is that Newfoundland is not feeling secure in Confederation. The highly charged emotionalism over Newfoundland's historic, cultural and "moral" claim to the Grand Bank is a symptom. In practice, if the relationship was a healthy one between province and nation there would be no need for this state of upset. The province's historic and cultural sensibilities would be compatible with the nation's legal ownership of the offshore, leaving only manageable tensions and negotiable disagreements.

The country, partly out of fear and partly out of guilt, dealt with Quebec's cultural problem. It did this not by pacifying the provincial government by giving it more powers and jurisdiction, but by instituting bilingualism. In short, the country became more like Quebec, absorbed it ("co-opted" it in the blaming phrase of the radical 1960s). Enough Quebecers have been won over, it appears, to say that the "Quebec problem" is more or less settled.

The Newfoundland problem, if anything, should be even more challenging for the country because it is one almost purely of principle. Newfoundland can't work on the fears of the rest of the coun-

"Newfoundland's special claim is that operating an economy in that geographic location is a far harder thing than in any other province."

try the way Quebec did. Indeed, the federal government could "settle" the problem, if push came to shove, by developing the offshore unilaterally and ignoring the Newfoundland government and its sensibilities altogether. In the end, Newfoundland has only one uncertain card to play: The sense of fair play of other Canadians, and of the federal government. It is up to Canadians and their government to live up to the task.

But what are Newfoundland's legitimate claims? Not that the Newfoundland government should legally own the offshore. That is clearly a national function in every context imaginable despite the appeals by Newfoundland nationalists to the mystical forces of history. For the federal government to give it over would be to open a constitutional can of worms of endless trouble. At any rate, it appears that Peckford's "moral claim" doesn't require this, since the hypothetical offshore agreement signed


with Tory leader Brian Mulroney in June avoids the ownership question. In the end, the specifics aren't all that important. The bottom line on Newfoundland's demands is that the province be able to lay claim to its self-respect.

Newfoundland's special claim is this: Operating an economy in that geographic location is a far harder thing than in any other province. It's reflected in the fact of Newfoundland's poverty — its place at the undesirable end of every statistical column, whether it's unemployment, earned income or whatever.

Even with unimaginable wealth offshore this may hardly change if the Grand Bank's oil is developed under the Nova Scotia-style agreement the federal government has offered the province. The province's oil revenues would be cut back when Newfoundland reached 120 per cent of national fiscal capacity (20 per cent richer than the average provincial government) and cut out entirely at 140 per cent. This, the provincial government rightly points out, would get the province off equalization payments and not much more.

There's also the question of who controls development, and to what end. If the federal government were to control it entirely, as in the Nova Scotia agreement, Newfoundlanders can legitimately fear that production platforms and support services would be entirely brought in from elsewhere, that administration might be done in Halifax, and that Newfoundlanders would be left carrying the sandwiches to the Texans on the platforms and not much else.

The specifics of what a "just agreement" might be are still open, despite the Peckford-Mulroney agreement that would give Newfoundland revenue as if the resource was on land and a high degree of management authority as well. Joe Clark had made big promises to Newfoundland that he couldn't deliver while in office. Assuming that Mulroney becomes prime minister, agreeing in fact may turn out to be more sticky than agreeing in principle. (If he doesn't become prime minister, Peckford will have put his eggs in the wrong basket and an agreement may be delayed further still).

Yet the "as if on land" principle — which nevertheless leaves ownership in federal hands — is a good starting point. A better understanding of Newfoundland's plight by Canadians and a better environment for negotiations are what's needed. With this summer's political changes, they may be coming. 



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by David Holt
Engineering, to the Random House Dictionary, is both "applied science" and skilful or artful contrivance." The latter definition implies a knack for improvisation, for dealing with the unexpected. The former definition is preferred by professors and those active in design research. It is given lip service by the profession at large.

In Canada an engineer is frequently engaged in pursuits other than engineering. Engineers are often employed in management, not technical problem solving; their time is taken up by cash flow analysis, not thermodynamics. But they had little business or management training as undergraduates. If they stay in the technical side, in specialties where the knowledge base can double every seven years, they are faced with a similar problem. How to keep up?

In practice the engineer is more likely to excel at "artful contrivance" than applied science. The profession, like many others today, is served by a formal education that does not meet all the challenges of the marketplace. The 7,000 Canadian engineers who were unemployed last year will testify to this.

"My engineering degree was instrumental to my success," says Jack Fleming, the president of the Association of Professional Engineers of Nova Scotia, between calls to his fleet of trucks. "But my management skills are self taught. We learn by our mistakes but that can be expensive," he adds, laughing.

William Riley is one engineer working to fill this gap in the engineering curriculum. Riley, the former head of Halifax Industries, taught a course in corporate and industrial relations at Technical University of Nova Scotia (TUNS) last

year. In addition to lectures he brought in speakers active in business. "It is important that graduates know what it is like in the real world," Riley emphasizes. "Some are shocked to find out, when they graduate, how the world works."

Riley points out that in Canada, by age 65, most engineers are in management. One reason for this is that much of the design for Canadian products is done south of the border. With less engineering to do, engineers end up in other jobs, such as management.

For engineers who remain active in technical specialties (43 are now taught in Canadian engineering schools), continuing education is a necessity, if only to protect the public. The engineering societies of Ontario and Quebec require their members to take university courses throughout their careers in order to keep their licenses. Some engineers in the Atlantic Provinces think their association should do the same.

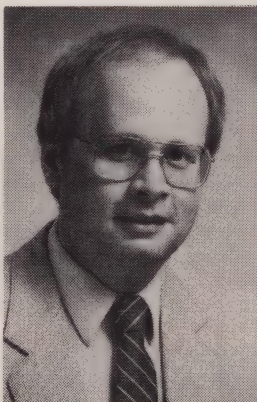
Author Niels Ovesen proposes a radical change in the education of engineers. He notes that 90-95 per cent of all practicing engineers were educated at a time when the cost of energy was not relevant. Thus, inevitably, so many of our buildings are not energy efficient. As new technologies arise, and as society is confronted with new challenges, a stronger emphasis will have to be placed on continuing education. Ovesen envisions a complete integration of education with work over a person's productive life, so that in the end "it will be hard to distinguish between learning and working."

This approach is slowly finding its way into the marketplace. IBM Canada, for example, expects employees to spend sixteen days a year attending company courses. These courses rely heavily on computer terminals, video cassettes and classrooms linked by satellite to a single instructor. This is fine, of course, if you can afford it. (IBM Canada grossed \$2.4

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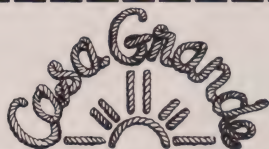
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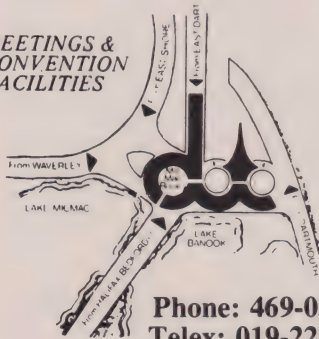
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billion last year.)

Dr. Donald Roy, the dean of engineering at TUNS, sees a need for both more management training and more continuing education for his profession. He points out that the educational system is preparing to adapt, citing a recent conference on continuing education held at TUNS. Roy also notes that later in the year deans of engineering will be meeting with their counterparts in business. "They think their students need to know more engineering, so it goes both ways," he says.

In addition, TUNS hopes to upgrade its continuing education facilities by purchasing the Control Data Corporation's PLATO system. Similar to the IBM method, it allows the individual to profit from electronically mediated instruction, at his own pace, on his own time.

*In practice
the engineer
is more likely to
excel at "artful
contrivance" than
applied science.*

Funding for continuing education remains a problem. Politicians, reflecting outdated attitudes, allot most of their education budgets to university training for young people. The slack in the system is taken up by resourceful individuals, improvisers: Jack Flemming, who runs a business that he learns as he goes along, paying for his own mistakes; William Riley, who teaches a college course although he is not a professor; Dr. Donald Roy, who tries to raise funds for continuing education. Engineers, adept at artful contrivance as well as applied science.

In time, if politicians, educators and company presidents respond, education dollars will be spread out over the decades of a career, not compressed exclusively into a four year degree program. Engineers will learn more business in college, and managers will learn enough engineering to know how their factories work. Then we can keep pace in the global marketplace. And the Japanese miracle workers can chase us to the bank. Otherwise, despite our resources, Canadians cannot hope to meet the challenges of an increasingly competitive world.

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Four years ago, Dan Potter bought Novatron Information Corporation. Now, the company is one of the region's busiest software manufacturers specializing in Supplyline, the first information retrieval system for the oil and gas industry in the world.

by donalee Moulton-Barrett

Dan Potter is a wheeler dealer. Don't let the image fool you. In his sporty blue sweater and perfectly faded denim jeans Potter looks more like a tennis coach than President of Novatron Information Corporation, one of the region's busiest — and most innovative — software and computer services companies. But beneath the comfortable veneer is a man whose business acumen is so keen it's almost palpable. Just ask the people in the oil and gas industry. They were the first to feel the punch of one of Potter's business ideas: Supplyline.

Supplyline, the first of its kind in the world, is a computer-based, on-line information retrieval system originally designed for the oil and gas industry. It offers an instant source of detailed and verified information on all products and services required for oil and gas exploration and development anywhere in Canada — or for that matter the world. "It's intended to be for the world's major oil plays," says Potter.

Supplyline is accessible from 500 cities in 40 countries and can be used by oil exploration and development companies and their major sub-contractors to assemble up-to-date information on potential suppliers and their products; to get additional info from the suppliers; and to store and access their own confidential data on suppliers. As well, suppliers of goods and services can use Supplyline to tell others about their products and services and government agencies can use it to identify areas of the oil and gas industry in which Canadian produced goods and services are not currently available and to monitor Canada Benefits provisions.

Supplyline cost Potter's company \$1,750,000. More than half of this, \$1.2 million, came from roughly 100 investors who purchased 120 tax-sheltered, limited partnerships at \$10,000 each. The other \$550,000 was an applied research assistance grant from the Ocean Industry

Development Office, a joint federal and provincial government agency. The grant was given to Potter specifically for the acquisition of the computer hardware Supplyline needs to work. However, without the \$1.2 million from the investors there would have been no grant.

Users of Supplyline pay a minimum of \$175 (the average is \$500-\$600) to have a profile of their operation in the system. (The profile is developed by Novatron after the user completes a 16-page questionnaire.) Anyone with a terminal who wants to access Supplyline pays \$40 an hour. In the first year of operation alone Potter expects to sign up 3500 users. Within two years, he says, 10,000 users will be profiled.

And that's not all. Since Supplyline for the oil and gas industry became a reality earlier this year, Potter has developed a research and development program that will expand Supplyline to include Industrial, Commercial and Government Sourcing Systems; Trade and Economic Development; and Industrial and Commercial Vending Systems. Our intention is to extend Supplyline to all these sectors, says Potter.

In the first area Potter sees Supplyline being used as it is for the oil and gas industry — as a source of information. Other major industrial sectors that may be interested in a Supplyline service, says Potter, include defense, aviation and aeronautics, electronics, transportation and mining.

In the trade and economic development field Potter sees Supplyline giving the edge to agencies and organizations concerned with companies, and countries, in the process of developing their economic base and export capabilities. How? By offering them current information on the companies, products and services — 24 hours a day. "It's the automated way to take advantage of international trade," says Potter.

Likewise with the Industrial and Commercial Vending Systems. Supplyline will provide an automated way for buyer and seller to communicate. In this case Potter envisions a computer terminal in the customers' stores as well as the supplier's office. It just might work — especially now that Potter has added full audio-visual services to the Supplyline computer system. Customers can now sit at the terminal and will get the business equivalent of a TV show right in their office, says Potter. Up on the screen will be a catalogue of products, a description and, in some cases, a demonstration.

Not bad for a man who's only been actively involved with the company for two years. Potter, a lawyer by training, purchased Novatron, then IAS Computer Corp. Ltd. (Potter changed the name because it was meaningless), four years ago with a partner. They split 50/50. One year later he bought the partner out.

Their original investment of \$300,000 (50 per cent equity shares, 50 per cent



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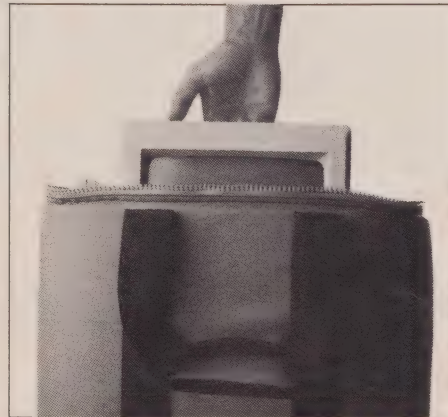
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bank loan) has a book value of at least twice that today. "It wasn't worth as much as we paid for it," admits Potter. "The company wasn't a terrific thing. It was just ticking along." It's worth more than \$1 million today.

The company's gross four years ago was under \$1 million. Now it's "significantly" over that, says Potter, who estimates it to be at least \$2 million. The number of employees has jumped from less than 10 to 25 — full time. In short, the company is booming. Thanks to Dan

Potter.

He increased the number of types of products and services offered and improved the company's marketing section. But the key, says Potter, was the recruitment of well-trained, professional staff — all of whom, except for two, came from Atlantic Canada. There are four marketing salespeople, 13 technical software specialists, two computer operators and six support staff.

It's best to recruit bright, young people — and train them yourself, says Potter, who follows his own advice. All Novatron employees are involved in continuing education programs and attend at least one relevant workshop or seminar a year.

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But Potter doesn't stop with his own employees. "We're the first technical company in Nova Scotia to ever provide a research scholarship to a university," he says. Two students from the Technical University of Nova Scotia (TUNS) each received \$4000 to continue their education. Needless to say they did research on Supplyline. "In Nova Scotia there's a lot of potential for technical companies," says Potter, "but we've got to use our resources and one of our resources is universities."

Another resource is the knowledge of the people already working here and Potter, Chairman of the Computer Software Producers of Nova Scotia, plans to sponsor a symposium this year that will bring together the expertise from both the universities and industry.

"The social setting here, the life and size of the community are very appealing to the type of people who become technical software people," believes Potter. "Halifax used to be the mysterious East. The only people who could remember anything about it were people who'd been here in the war. Now it's just as good to be here as in Toronto or New York."

With no duty on computer software and no freight charges, it really doesn't matter where a computer company is located, says Potter, although he adds, "There's no question that the offshore is leverage." It also doesn't hurt when there are only five companies at best in Atlantic Canada competing with you. (Although some national computer companies like Dymaxion do have branches here.)

And selling on-line systems like Supplyline isn't all Novatron does. It also develops software systems for businesses and sells complete turnkey computer systems (both the hardware and the software are sold). This alone makes up 40 per cent of the company's sales; software development and on-line systems combined make up the other 60 per cent.

Financial accounting software packages, for example, have been developed by Novatron for companies in the United States, Canada and the British West Indies. The buyers include real estate companies, chartered accounting firms, computer service bureaus and country clubs. As well, 40 per cent of all cable TV subscribers in Atlantic Canada are processed, and billed, from the two large-scale, mini-digital computers housed in the 3500 square feet of office space that is Novatron Information Corporation.

"We're going to become a leading provider of telecommuting services in Canada," says Dan Potter, flashing his Tom Selleck smile. What Dan Potter sets out to achieve, he does. Don't let the image fool you. ■



From Albemarle to Cape Fear — North Carolina's Coastal Plain



Cape Point: Where the Outer Banks leave the mainland behind.

*A land of long, warm springs and rich, black soil. A seashore with more uncrowded beaches than anywhere in the U.S.
A deep southern paradise.*

By Pat Murphy

In mid-April, when I arrived in North Carolina's Coastal Plain, folks there were celebrating the 400th anniversary of Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition to Roanoke Island. But I didn't notice any hoopla.

North Carolina commemorates these important early events quietly. There are no marching bands or garish posters. No corny ad-man slogans confront the visitor. Instead, there are dance concerts and art exhibits.

But that's North Carolina all over. People there seem much more interested in celebrating life slowly, deliberately. Their attitude fits in with the natural richness of the wetlands, the fertile, dark soil and the expansive, incredibly beautiful shoreline. Visitors are made welcome; but they are not hustled.

North Carolina's Coastal Plain stretches about 150 miles inward to the Piedmont and is bound on the Atlantic by a chain of sandy barrier islands, called "banks," that extend up and down the coast from the Virginia to the South Carolina border. Two wide sounds, the Albemarle and the Pamlico, flow between the "outer" islands and the mainland. Smaller sounds separate the lower

barrier islands from the inner coast.

I began my tour of the Coastal Plain in a roundabout fashion by driving directly to the Wilmington area in the southeast. Later I came up to the Albemarle region by way of the Outer Banks. I had my reasons for this. First of all, I wanted to catch the last of the azaleas and camelias — flora that explode in Cape Fear Country early in Spring and peak around April. And secondly, by the time I reached the North Carolina border my gastric juices were uncontrollably active. I was starving for some of the good "vittles" that had sustained me during childhood.

Now, you don't have to eat hot biscuits, grits, corn pone, chitlins', collards, mustard greens, juicy country smoked ham, fried chicken, barbecued pork, oysters or fried mullets to truly enjoy North Carolina. People with different palates can find chateaubriand, veal parmesan, scallopini and quiche dishes in restaurants and at moderate prices. But I happen not only to like southern food, but at times I'm sent into paroxysms of ecstasy when presented with a platter of hot greens and beans and succulent fried ham, followed with some good old biscuit-sopping cane syrup for dessert.

Thank goodness that authentic vittles still abound in North Carolina. The franchised plasticized fast-food outlets seem to be everywhere, especially in eastern North Carolina, most noticeably just off interstate 95. But that really isn't important. One doesn't visit North Carolina to stay on the interstate. So after staying overnight in the small town of Wallace in Duplin county I journeyed on to New Hanover county and its capital, Wilmington, a pleasant, quiet and mannered port city situated on the east bank of Cape Fear about thirty miles up from where the river breaks through sand barriers into open sea.

Wilmington, with its natural channel to the Atlantic, became an important shipping port in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries after ship captains learned to navigate the treacherous offshore shoals. The city exported agricultural goods and naval stores: Tar, pitch and turpentine, products from the abundant pine forests nearby.

Wilmington was first settled in 1732 and a number of its large sprawling colonial houses in its downtown core still exist. Some nineteenth century mansions have become historic landmarks. Wilmingtonians are proud of that.

Today, malls, a grudging concession to the 1960s and 70s, litter the city's perimeter. And modern four-lane highways enable quick access to them.

But natives bent on restoring the



Avon Fishing Pier: Visitors enjoy salt-water fishing at reasonable rates.

downtown area along the river are re-creating a sense of eighteenth and nineteenth century ease. Bricked streets and promenades, smart shops in the old Cotton Exchange, and the appearance of art, all conform to a measured, unhurried pace. The old town has rediscovered its heart, and the old refurbished Thalian Theatre and ante-bellum houses seem as suited to its existence as the ancient cypress knots protruding from the lake waters in Greenfield Park.

Having survived the ravages of fall hurricanes, invading armies, severe economic depression, and the incursions of MacDonald's Land, Wilmington has, nonetheless, retained its stately beauty.

Brunswick Town across the river on its west bank was not so fortunate. It was settled in 1725 and became in the years following, the first thriving seaport of the colony. But the hapless town was burned-out so many times — first by the Spanish in 1748, then by the British in 1776, and finally by the Yankees during the Civil War — that its survivors eventually abandoned it.

Sometime between the red-coats and the blue-coats a rich planter from nearby Orton plantation bought the Brunswick settlement, land and all, for a measly \$4.25.

Brunswick Town is now an historic site, which was deeded to, and is maintained by, the state. You can see the archeological remains of about sixty colonial buildings by following a nature

trail that winds beneath trees laden with Spanish moss. And if you look around your feet you'll spot pitcher plants, sundews and the insectivorous Venus's fly-traps, all of which are common to the lower Cape Fear.

One mile north in front of a grove of live oaks you'll find the Orton Plantation. The main house of which stands out as probably the finest example of existing ante-bellum architecture in the South. The structure is still privately owned and occupied by descendants of the James Sprunt family (James Sprunt was a wealthy Carolina planter and benefactor, and his name appears on historical markers all over Cape Fear county). The Orton gardens, incredibly beautiful during Spring and Summer months and intriguing all during the year, are open to the public.

"King" Roger Moore first started the plantation as a rice farm — about the same time settlers were building Brunswick Town. Unlike Brunswick, though,

Orton endured the storms and stresses of weather and wars and remained intact. The columned main house today shows itself glistening white under overhanging giant oaks; and the gardens surrounding it are awash with color.

While in Brunswick County I couldn't resist driving down to one of my favourite tucked-away coastal villages, a place called Southport. The town sits on the very end of the promontory that forms the western edge of the Cape Fear River basin and that faces due south to the inter-coastal waterway and beyond to the Atlantic.

In one sense Southport could be called the Peggy's Cove of North Carolina, plus sand and minus rocks, fog and tour buses. It's a "picturesque" fishing village with many boats and many docks. Beyond that it's the best example of a Victorian coastal town in the state and appears very much the same as it did a hundred years ago — rambling framed houses with widows' walks and narrow

streets shaded by huge moss-laden gnarled oak trees.

From Southport you can see Bald Head Island (also called Smith Island), a semi-tropical forested paradise out in the Atlantic. It's accessible only by private boat. But you can drive down to Oak Island with miles and miles of beach stretching down to Lockwood Folly Inlet which is close to the South Carolina border. One can be comfortable with the sea here almost year



The house built by Sam Jones in Ocracoke attracts tourists in droves.



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“Ask me.”



TRAVEL

round. Of course it's not as warm as Florida in January, but neither is it anywhere near as crowded as Florida in January.

I left the Wilmington area and ventured toward Cedar Island on my way to the Outer Banks. In Onslow County my trail connected with Route 24. This road extends along the south shore of Carteret County and follows the waters of Bogue Sound. At Morehead City (a medium sized town) the road joins old Route 70 and leads to Cedar Island and the terminal for the ferry to Ocracoke.

The trail is idyllic. You drive on a two-lane highway past beaches, through marsh lands and small villages. I stopped for a look at one town named "Swansboro." It looked, smelled and felt the same as it did when I was eight years old and went fishing there with my father.

I caught the late afternoon ferry and headed toward the southernmost of the three barrier islands in the "Cape Hatteras National Seashore Recreational Park." Ocracoke is below Hatteras Island which, in turn, is below Bodie Island. On board ship a person can see outlines of another national seashore — Cape Lookout. This one contains a second set of banks that stretch 58 miles southwestward from Ocracoke Inlet. These are low, sandy barriers, untouched by any development, not even so much as a fried fish stand.

Ocracoke village, by contrast, is inhabited — as are all of the small villages that were in existence before the national park was established.

The park service began in the fifties with the dual aim of preserving the fragile dunes and wildlife, and of providing areas for people to wander freely along the shore — away from developments and noise. This intent has been remarkably fulfilled, so much so that property owners on the island beaches outside of the park are inspired to keep the seashore natural.

People of Ocracoke are proud of their town's physical and historical uniqueness. In the recent past, inhabitants there still spoke with an Old English accent and one can still hear traces of it today.

Beyond the town, a highway leads to the northern tip of Ocracoke Island. At the right time you can see wild horses roaming on the marshes and dunes next to Pamlico Sound.

A free ferry takes cars and people to Hatteras, the long middle barrier of towns with strange sounding names — "Rodanthe," "Waves," "Salvo," "Buxton."

Cape Hatteras, about 60 miles as the sea gull flies from the nearest point of land on the inner coast, forms the apex of the southwestern barriers. It's marked by a towering lighthouse (more than 200 feet tall), the beams of which are visible more than twenty miles out to sea. That's

a good thing, too. Near the Cape a ten mile finger of shoal water (Diamond Shoals) has spelled doom for unwary ships. The Shoals, combined with a deceptively consistent line of sand dunes and the turbulent currents, earned the area the nickname "Graveyard of the Atlantic." More than 600 shipwrecks lie in the waters along the banks, and you can still see remains of others on the beaches.

The supreme pleasure of Cape Hatteras, however, is being able to stroll miles along open beach without meeting a soul.

There is more to see on the banks beyond the park boundary on the Bodie Islands. There is Nags Head with lots of accommodation and with Jockey's Ridge, the highest dune on the east coast. Hang-gliding is the favorite sport there. There is Kitty Hawk and Kill Devil Hill where the Wright brothers took off. And there is Roanoke Island where America's longest running outdoor drama, "The Lost Colony," is performed every summer.

One last word on food and prices in North Carolina. It's not surprising that a bottle of Canadian Rye costs about half as much in one of the state controlled liquor stores as it does in Canada. But I was both amazed and intrigued by a relatively recent phenomenon — the availability of good wines, both domestic and imported, at incredibly low prices. In the U.S. prices vary considerably from state to state and from store to store and in North Carolina wines are much cheaper, say, than in New York State.

At the "Piggly-Wiggly" supermarket in Wallace (Duplin county) I picked up a decent Valpolicelli for \$1.59 and a good German Mosel for just over \$2.00.

One of my happiest buys, however, took place in the King Neptune Restaurant at Wrightsville Beach just outside of Wilmington. Three of us had strolled in for an educated lunch. We were each treated to an excellent fresh crab meat salad platter that held an enormous piece of honey-dew melon and a chunk of watermelon as well as a satisfying array of leafy green vegetables. Our combined tab was under \$11.00.

As we were leaving the restaurant I noticed near the door a bushel basket full of wines marked discontinued. I rummaged through and discovered an imported Cabernet Sauvignon — vintage 1972 — with a price of \$1.90. Imagine acquiring something close to the nectar of the gods without going broke!

The experience served to reinforce my steadily growing conviction that the good life has returned to the Albemarle and to Cape Fear country, a land blessed as it always has been, with mild winters, warm springs and luxuriant growth.

The Coastal Plain is a gentle place where people have become known for their tolerance and respect for life and history. It's a place where people are giving new meaning to the art of living with grace. ☒

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CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

July 28-Aug. 26 — *In Touch: Printing and Writing for the Blind in the Nineteenth Century*: Exhibition from the Smithsonian Institution Travelling Exhibition Service, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Aug. 2-30 — Paintings and photography by Donald Wilson, City of Saint John Gallery, Saint John

Aug. 3-5 — Provincial Labatt Softball Tournament, Paquetville

Aug. 3-5 — New Brunswick Bicentennial Horse Show, Fredericton

Aug. 3-5 — Lumberjack Festival, Edmundston

Aug. 4-11 — Canadian Senior Little League Championships, Forest Hills, Saint John

Aug. 5 — International Swim Across Bay of Chaleur, Grande-Anse/Paspébiac, P.Q.

Aug. 5-12 — International Festival, St. Stephen/Calais, Maine

Aug. 6 — New Brunswick Day, Horticultural Gardens, Rockwood Park, Saint John

Aug. 6-10 — Miramichi Folksong Festival, Newcastle

Aug. 8-11 — Grand Manan Rotary Festival, Grand Manan

Aug. 10-19 — Acadian Festival, Caraquet

Aug. 11-12 — International Hydroplane Regatta, Cocagne

Aug. 12 — Provincial Bicycle Race, Dieppe

Aug. 13-18 — Miramichi Agricultural Exhibition, Chatham

Aug. 15-19 — Festival Acadien, Saint John

Aug. 18 — Canadian Marathon Canoe Championships, Fredericton

Aug. 18-25 — Country Living Days 1984, Sussex

Aug. 20-27 — Canadian Senior Men's Baseball Championships, Memorial Field, Saint John

Aug. 21-22 — Kings County Agricultural Fair, Sussex

Aug. 26-Sept. 1 — Atlantic National Exhibition, Saint John

NOVA SCOTIA

Aug. 3-5 — Gold Rush Days Centennial: Olde time celebration featuring music, crafts & exhibits, Caledonia, Queens County

Aug. 3-5 — Waterville Field Days: Parade, midway, entertainment, Waterville

Aug. 5 — Acadian Day: Acadian arts, crafts & dance, Grand Pré

Aug. 6-11 — Nova Scotia Gaelic Mod: Festival of Scottish culture, St. Ann's, Cape Breton

Aug. 6-11 — Western Nova Scotia

Exhibition: Entertainment, midway & competitions, Yarmouth

Aug. 8-10 — "Silver Dart" Challenge Yacht Race, Chester

Aug. 12-19 — Canso Regatta: Midway, sporting events, beerfest, pageant, Canso

Aug. 13-18 — Annapolis County Exhibition: Cattle, horse shows, arts & crafts, Lawrencetown

Aug. 14-18 — Cape Breton County Exhibition: Arts & crafts, horse shows, cattle judging, midway, North Sydney

Aug. 15-18 — Halifax County Exhibition: Parade, light and heavy horse classes, ox pulls, entertainment, Middle Musquodoboit

Aug. 17-18 — Eighth Annual Downeast Old Time Fiddling Contest, Sackville

Aug. 20-25 — Nova Scotia Provincial Exhibition: Miss Nova Scotia Pageant, agricultural show, arts and crafts, Truro

Aug. 25-26 — Yarmouth International Air Show, Yarmouth

Aug. 28-Sept. 1 — Cumberland County Exhibition, Oxford

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Aug. 1-Sept. 1 — Island Visual Artists '84: Multi-media art exhibition featuring works of Island artists, Holland School of Visual Arts, Charlottetown

Aug. 4-5 — P.E.I. Windsurfing Championship, Stanhope Beach Lodge, Stanhope

Aug. 6-11 — Old Home Week: Vaudeville, horse & livestock shows, equestrian events, races, Gold Cup and Saucer Parade, Exhibition Grounds, Charlottetown

Aug. 11 — National Park Maritime Championship, 10 km road race from Brackley to Stanhope

Aug. 12 — La Fête Acadienne: Outdoor entertainment, fiddling, step dancing, Tignish

Aug. 15-19 — Centennial of Acadian Flag: Official ceremonies, outdoor activities, historical exhibits, entertainment, Miscouche, Abrams Village, Mont-Carmel

Aug. 17-18 — Prince County Exhibition: Entertainment, livestock judging, Alberton

Aug. 20-25 — Summerfest '84: Daily entertainment, folk/rock/country/fiddle music, Summerside

Aug. 26 — National 20 Kilometer Road Race Championship, National Park, Brackley

Aug. 30-31 — Eastern Kings Exhibition: Livestock judging, entertainment, childrens activities, Souris

Aug. 31-Sept. 2 — Le Festival Acadien de la région Evangeline & Egmont Bay and Mont-Carmel Exhibition: Acadian festival, Abrams Village

NEWFOUNDLAND

Aug. 3-5 — 8th Annual Newfoundland & Labrador Folk Arts Festival: Music, traditional dance and storytelling, Bannerman Park, St. John's

Aug. 4-5 — Une Longue Veillée: Traditional French culture, folk music and dance, Cape St. George

Aug. 5-6 — Codroy Valley Folk Festival: Local talent, culture and crafts, Codroy Valley

Aug. 5-6 — Labrador Regatta Day and Heritage Day Festival, Happy Valley/Goose Bay

Aug. 6 — Lewisporte Day: Parade, games of chance, fish n'brewis, dance, Lewisporte

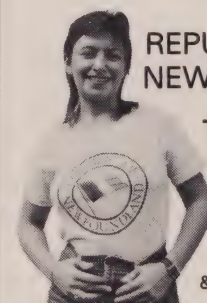
Aug. 8 — Clarenville/Shoal Harbour Day: Parade, races, fireworks, Clarenville

Aug. 12 — 1984 Newfoundland Summer Games: 14 sporting events, Botwood & Bishop's Falls

Aug. 17-18 — Blueberry Festival: Berry-picking, entertainment, parade, Springdale

Aug. 18 — Farmer's Field Day: Agricultural fair, Lethbridge

Aug. 30-Sept. 8 — *Agnes of God*: Presented by Elysian Players, Resource Centre for the Arts, L.S.P.U. Hall, St. John's, Call (709) 753-4531



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From Europe, with love

By Marilee Little

Italo Marzari, 38, owner-manager of The Continental restaurant in Saint John, N.B., began his lifelong love affair with fine food as a young boy, in the kitchen of his aunt's inn in Trento, a town just northwest of Venice.

When he was 19, Marzari immigrated to Montreal, where he started in the restaurant business as a bus boy. Over the next 15 years, he worked his way up to maître d' in such restaurants as the Royal York Hotel and Sutton Place in Toronto, and La Scala and the Clipper Cay in Halifax.

His restaurant, tucked into North Market Wharf in the Market Square complex, is the fulfillment of a dream for

ed in The Continental that wasn't made on the premises from scratch. So this past winter Marzari returned to Italy and learned how to prepare it. "You can never stop learning in this business," he says. "You must always try new things."

Chilled Avocado Soup

- 5 cups chicken stock
- 1 ripe avocado
- 3 tbsp. melted butter
- 5 tbsp. flour
- salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup whipping cream

Heat chicken stock to the boiling point. Mix flour with melted butter. Add this gradually to the chicken stock, stirring all the time. Turn heat down to medium and let stock thicken for 10 minutes. Peel and seed the avocado. Whip in blender. Remove stock from heat and cool in refrigerator. Blend the avocado puree with the chilled stock and add the whipping cream. Strain. Chill half an hour and serve soup garnished with 3 slices of avocado and a tsp. sour cream. Serves 2.

Fresh Strawberry Bavaroise

- 1 box strawberries
- ²/₃ cup strawberry syrup
- ³/₄ cup chilled whipping cream
- 2 envelopes gelatine
- ¹/₂ tsp. lemon juice
- 2 drops vanilla extract

Mix the 2 envelopes gelatine with half of the strawberry syrup. Add lemon juice and vanilla. Whip the cream until it makes soft peaks. Wash and hull the strawberries. Put a quarter of the berries aside for garnish and puree the remainder in blender. Heat the syrup containing the gelatine to point of boiling, stir well, then place the saucepan in very cold water. When it has cooled, stir in the pureed strawberries. When mixture starts to set, add three-quarters of the whipped cream. Stir well. Wet two moulds. Shake out excess water, but do not dry. Pour in the Bavaroise. Refrigerate for at least 4 hours before serving. Dip the mould in lukewarm water and turn out over a piece of sponge cake. Decorate with strawberries. Pour the remaining syrup over the top. Pipe reserved cream on top. Serves 2.

Lobster Roumolade

- 1 cooked lobster
- 6 fillets anchovies finely chopped
- 1 tbsp. capers
- 1 tsp. tarragon
- 1 tsp. chives
- 1 tsp. Dijon mustard
- ¹/₂ cup mayonnaise
- 1 tbsp. chopped parsley
- 1 tsp. paprika

- ¹/₄ cup sour cream
- Lettuce, cherry tomatoes, cucumber slices (for garnish)

Cut the lobster in half. Take out lobster meat and cut into bite-sized pieces. Mix the chopped anchovies, caper, Dijon mustard, tarragon, and chives with the mayonnaise. Fold the lobster meat into the mixture and put back into the shell. Sprinkle with paprika and chopped parsley. Peel and dice cucumber. Add to sour cream. Place on top of lobster. Place lobster on bed of lettuce and garnish with cherry tomatoes. Serves 1.

Veal Sorrento

- 8 oz. veal cutlets
- 1 fresh tomato, sliced
- ¹/₄ cup demi-glace sauce
- 2 slices mozzarella cheese
- 2 tbsp. parmesan cheese
- 2 tbsp. tomato sauce
- salt, pepper

Hammer veal until very thin. Then cut into 6 pieces. Season with salt and pepper and flour lightly. Cook in butter, at medium heat, about 2 minutes each side. Remove veal from pan and place in an ovenware casserole dish. In the pan, add demi-glace sauce to veal drippings and heat. Pour sauce over veal, cover with a slice of tomato. Sprinkle with parmesan cheese and add slice of mozzarella cheese and place under broiler until cheese is melted. Add tomato sauce and garnish with fresh parsley. Serves 2.

Demi-glace Sauce

(Although this is not the demi-glace sauce Marzari uses in his restaurant, he suggests using this recipe when making the sauce at home. It is a fine alternative and is much easier to make.) Heat half a cup canned consommé, a tablespoon red wine, salt, pepper and spices to taste. Thicken with a little cornstarch and simmer until reduced to half.

Rotolo di Spinachi (spinach roll)

- ²/₃ cup flour
- 1 egg
- 1 lb. spinach
- ¹/₂ cup ricotta cheese
- ¹/₄ cup butter
- ¹/₃ cup parmesan cheese
- 1 leaf sage
- salt and pepper

Mix flour with egg. Knead for 30 minutes. Cover and let rest 30 minutes. Cook spinach, drain, then chop into fine pieces. Mix spinach with ricotta and parmesan cheese and salt and pepper. Roll the dough out to approximately 5" x 19". Spread the spinach mixture on the dough. Roll the dough up and place roll in a piece of white cotton cloth. Tie the cloth firmly around the roll. Cook in boiling water for about 40 minutes. Cut into ¹/₂-inch thick slices and serve with melted butter and sage. Serves 2.



PHOTOS BY DON JOHNSON

Marzari: A long way from small town Italy

Marzari. With the aid of Toronto interior designer Susan Snow, he has recreated an ambience of European elegance for The Continental: From the muted pink velvet chairs and the mellow grain of the antique buffets to the tables set with fine china, heavy silver and polished crystal on fine white damask cloths.

To Marzari, fine dining is a total experience. "It's not enough to have excellent food," he says. "Service and atmosphere are just as important as the food." He trains his 18-member staff himself. "To run the very best, you can never let your guard down."

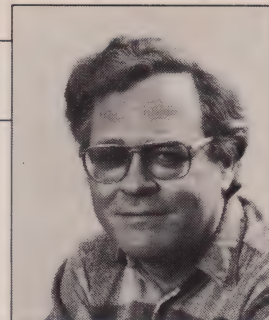
Marzari loves the challenge of offering Saint John residents and visitors something new, though he admits doing so is risky. "Saint John has never had a place like this before. It's a gamble, but that's what life is all about. If you don't take the risks, you'll never know what you can do."

And the challenges never stop for Marzari. Pasta was the only thing serv-



HARRY BRUCE'S COLUMN

In Toronto the Good, three wrong numbers



Close encounters of a strange kind

This seat taken?" she asks. It isn't, so she sits beside me and orders a club soda. Nice, sensible, abstemious lady. She is a tall, lumpy woman in her early forties, and wears a red pantsuit. She carries a white purse with a shoulder strap. Her shoes are white, too, like a nurse's. Her skin is the color of coffee, with extra cream, and I take her to be a housewife from Buffalo or Detroit who has come to Toronto to do a little shopping.

We are at Trader's. It's a ground-floor bar off the cavernous lobby of the Sheraton Centre. A single room in this hotel can set you back \$129. Near Trader's, glittering escalators rise hundreds of feet, waterfalls tumble through a fake jungle, and gangs of mildly raucous Oldsmobile dealers swarm around. They're here for a convention, but it's nearly midnight now and they have other things on their minds.

"Where you from?" she asks amiably.

"I'm actually from Toronto, but I've lived in Nova Scotia for 13 years."

"Now that's a beautiful, beautiful province," she says. "Really, really beautiful. What brings you to Toronto?"

"I write for magazines, and there's a national convention of magazine people here tomorrow night. I'm up for a prize. If I win, I get \$1,000."

"Well, isn't that fascinating? What magazines do you write for?"

"Oh, I've written for pretty nearly all of them. *Atlantic Insight*, *Maclean's*, *Saturday Night*, *Quest*, some that aren't around anymore."

"No kidding? I read *Maclean's* all the time. That's a good magazine."

Two Japanese men take seats at the bar, and now her talk takes an odd twist.

"I think those two are Japanese," she says, "and not Koreans. I've lived in New York, and Vancouver, and I lived in San Francisco for four years. So I can always tell the difference. The Koreans have more moon-shaped heads. No really, I mean it. You know, in San Francisco there's this section of town where naked white women get up in glass cages and perform obscene gestures."

She stresses the first syllable of obscene. AWBseen.

"Yes," she continues, "and hundreds of Japanese men with cameras stand there and take photographs of these white women doing these obscene gestures."

"I never heard of that before."

"Well, you're a writer so I thought you'd be interested."

She studies me for a few seconds. Her chocolate eyes remind me of a Trinidadian woman I once knew.

"You a happily married man?"

"Yes," I reply, "As a matter of fact, I am."

"I guess that means I can't seduce you then."

"I'm afraid that's right."

But she doesn't leave. She chats for awhile, as though it would be graceful to go abruptly just because she's failed to score. Then she gets up, leaving a \$2.50 tip for the bartender.

"I sure hope you win the big prize," she says. How sincere she seems. How likeable. "If you do, and you change your mind, I'll be right here tomorrow night at the same time."

"Well, thanks, but do you mind telling me one thing? Have you really seen Nova Scotia, or did you just say that?"

"Have I *seen* it?" she explodes.

"Honey, I'm from Cape Breton."

"Go on! Why'd you ever leave?"

"I didn't want to marry some guy down there, and end up on welfare with 17 children."

"Do you ever go home?"

"I haven't been back for 17 years. I can't go back to that town. They all regard me down there as a fallen woman. And I *am* a fallen woman."

She says this as though she were truly a happy hooker who's letting me in on a marvellous joke.

She walks a few feet, asks a plump man about his lapel badge. I can see them in the mirror over the bar, and from the rear she looks both animated and matronly. They leave together. She's won her prize.

A tall man with thin hair, wearing steel-rimmed glasses and a blue business suit, replaces her in the chair beside me. He seems to feel that since my tastes did not run to the lady from Cape Breton they might run to him. "May we have a little chat?" he pleads.

"Nope. The bar's closed, and I'm getting out of here."

He goes into deep mourning.

At 1:30 a.m., there's a soft, insistent rapping at my door on the 33rd floor. I am brushing my teeth, naked at the sink. I pull on my trenchcoat — which means I'm classically garbed for flashing — and yank open the door. A girl stands there,

a small, young girl with dark, luminous eyes, gleaming lip gloss, and an overnight bag. She reminds me of *Flower Drum Song*, but she is not an actress.

"I'm sorry," I say, "but you've got the wrong room number."

"I see you got your house robe on," she replies mockingly. She traipses back along the corridor toward the elevator, leaving me to reflect that six whole hours have passed since I arrived back in my home town, Toronto the Good.

The good side of bad birds

Blue jays get a bad press. When the Ontario Legislature approved the blue jay as a provincial emblem, Bruce Dilabio, a federal government ornithologist, complained that jays who enter bird feeders "try to take it all. They're very aggressive, very noisy birds. They also eat eggs and young birds." Their bullying habits were too *American*. This was as neat an expression of anti-Americanism as you're likely to hear from a Canadian ornithologist, but Dilabio was just kidding. I'm just kidding, too, when I say that many Maritimers think nothing could possibly be a better symbol of Ontario's character than a bullying bird who tries to take it all.

May I put in a minority vote for blue jays? W. Earl Godfrey, a supreme authority on Canadian birds, says, "The blue jay is handsome, noisy, mischievous, and inquisitive. . . . Although economically of dubious value, it is surely one of the most beautiful and interesting of birds." I'll vouch for that. Blue jays hang around our house in Halifax, and shortly after many dawns they do excruciatingly accurate imitations of the sound of a squeaky clothesline pulley. I might never have forgiven them for that if I hadn't seen how two of them humiliated a cat.

The cat was big, mean, yellow. I don't know how he'd caught the jay, but when I first saw him he had the bird. The jay stirred and squawked in his teeth. The blue wings were moving. The cat walked proudly toward some lair where he intended to do what cats do to birds, but then another jay plunged like a Spitfire out of the sun. Screaming even more horribly than a clothesline pulley, he buzzed the cat's head again and again. The cat stopped. His mouth opened. His prey flew up to the other jay in the breezy sky. The cat's posture suggested disappointment and total befuddlement. If courage and loyalty interest you, blue jays aren't bad symbols. They're tough babies. ☒



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OLKS

"Duke" Collins:
Captain extraordinaire

Captain L.M. 'Duke' Collins, 53, of St. John's, Nfld., was 16 when he first went to sea on one of his father's vessels. He captained his first CN Coastal Boat when he was 25. Four years later, in 1960, he became Newfoundland's youngest pilot. "I feel just as proud doing a good shiphandling job now as I did twenty years ago," he says. By his own calculation, Collins has handled 10,000 assignments in the course of his 24-year career. He has piloted everything from a 200-ton fishing trawler to a 265,000-ton supertanker. "Every ship is different," he says. "Every time a ship comes into port, it's different; and every port it travels to is different." Most trades can be taught in school. But piloting a ship requires sharp instincts. Berthing a supertanker is done at speeds so slow that the motion of the ship is barely visible. And, it takes 23 minutes

to stop a supertanker travelling at full speed. In April, when Collins piloted the Mighty Servant II, a 140 ft.-wide salvage vessel, through the Narrows of St. John's Harbour, there seemed to be plenty of room. In fact, there was only thirty feet of clearance to port and starboard. The way Collins sees it, the larger the ship the more difficult it is to handle. Most of the action is in the mind's eye. "All it takes," he says, "is one little miscalculation. That's the satisfaction of the job — knowing it's up to you."

Nursing's in the blood of the Smiths of Corner Brook, Nfld. **Theresa Smith** decided to become a nurse while caring for her invalid mother. She graduated from St. Clare's Mercy Hospital's School of Nursing in 1951. Her sisters, Loretta and Marjorie, trained as nurses in Glace Bay and Sydney, N.S. Brothers Joe, Cyril and Bern Downey married nurses. Her husband, George, a mechanical superintendent with Bowaters, has a sister, sister-in-law and several nieces who are in the nursing profession. In 1976, Theresa and George's oldest daughter, Sheila, became a nurse, graduating from her mother's school, St. Clare's. Carolyn followed in 1977; Tina in 1981; and Paula in 1982. The question on everyone's mind was, would Laura, the Smith's youngest daughter, also choose nursing? Laura took a year to decide. "I broke it to mom and dad kind of gently," she smiles. "We were a little surprised, but deep down we were hoping she would choose nursing as her career," says Theresa. St. Clare's honoured this nursing dynasty in June during Laura's graduation. The hospital staff asked Theresa to be on stage during the ceremony and to present Saint Clare's alumni award. All the Smith children attended. Later, Laura surprised her mother with a bouquet. "We knew we were going to be recognized in some way," says Mrs. Smith, "but we didn't know how. They had some very nice words to say." "I wasn't expecting the fuss," says Laura. As far as George and Theresa Smith are concerned, however, it is their daughters who deserve the praise. "They're all individuals," says Theresa, "St. Clare's has given them a lot of moral and spiritual support. It hasn't been rosy for all of them; but it's been what they wanted to do."

When Dr. George Mencher discovered he had won the Canadian Hearing and Speech Association's 1984 Medal of Excellence for "Outstanding Professional Achievement," he was absolutely speechless. "I couldn't believe my ears," he says. It should have come as no surprise. Since arriving in Halifax in 1973 from the University of Nebraska, Mencher, 47, has almost single-handedly transformed the N.S. Hearing and Speech Clinic from a small Halifax facility into a provincewide network of 53 hearing and speech pathologists who

PETER GARD





DON ROBINSON

terest in hearing loss in infants. "Early prevention is still the key," he says, "and I would like to spend more of my time in this area." But he's not dissatisfied. The provincial government has been generous over the last 10 years, and he's planning for the future. In September, he's introducing an early identification hearing loss program in regional hospitals; and with a grant from the Alexander Graham Bell Society he'll begin work on developing communication techniques for people who, due to severe handicaps, will never learn to speak or sign.

While passenger rail service may be a thing of the past for much of Atlantic Canada, the people of **Macadam, N.B.**, are determined to keep the memory alive. At a cost of roughly \$3000 and 1200 man hours, the townsfolk have transformed a broken down schoolbus into a semi-working replica of the old #29 wood-fired locomotive that once ran through the town. The real #29 lies abandoned in nearby Hillsborough. "We simply stripped the bus down to its engine, chassis and wheels, and built it back up from there," says John Smith, member of the refurbishing committee. "We wanted to get it ready for our bicentennial celebration this summer." At one time, passenger rail was the principal industry of this village of 1800, bringing full time employment to some 650 men. Now only 35 men regularly work for the railroad. The last passenger train passed through the town two years ago. "VIA's cutback really hurt the village. All the staff was reduced. We

wanted to commemorate a more prosperous time," Smith says. The town acquired the bus through local MLA Leslie Hull. It took 30 men to actually build the replica, but 90 per cent of the town was involved in one way or another. "We raised money through food sales and bazaars, and the community now owns the engine," Smith says. The "locomotive" is 12' high and made of plywood and tin. It travels at up to 30 m.p.h. But though its levers, gauges and dials look real, it is diesel-powered. The smoke has to be created artificially. The community has no long-range plans for the replica. Smith hopes neighboring towns will use it in parades and celebrations. But even if it ends up in an empty lot, rusting away like its namesake, it will serve to remind visitors to Macadam of a time when trains set the pulse of the community, a time that is gone forever. ☒

Mencher: No longer speechless

conduct research in every regional hospital on language development, voice disorders, neurological diseases and deafness caused by noise. On top of this, he has written or edited six books on hearing loss, was the president of the Canadian Hearing and Speech Association, and chaired the first national Convention on Hearing and Speech in Halifax in 1976. But despite his busy schedule, he still finds time to treat patients every week. And though his clinic is designed to help people "from the cradle to the grave," he has a special in-

**The men of Macadam with their new #29:
The railroad lives again!**



AL CORRETT

Jousting against the folly of war

Geoff Butler's artistic thrusts against the horrors of destruction come from a satirical eye

By H.R. Percy

On the road to Champlain's Habitation at Port Royal stands a tall, red house with white trim; an old house, once the home of the village blacksmith of Granville Ferry. A sea wall of old timbers holds back the 28-foot tides of the Annapolis Basin from the white-fenced garden where two small girls are playing on a swing. Great somnolent gulls roost on the roof. A shaggy, black Newfoundland dog comes bounding round the housecorner and rears up on the fence in joyful welcome. A man is chopping wood behind the house. It is only when he drops his axe and calls to the dog that you get your first inkling of the unusual. The dog, in defiance of gender, is called Rembrandt. Your first inkling, since you have probably not noticed the small yellow sign that, seeming loath to attract undue attention, shyly discloses that this is the Butler Art Gallery.

The man shyly discloses that he is Geoff Butler as he swings open the gate to let you in. But there is no diffidence in the big, wood-chopping hand that grabs yours. The eyes are grey and steadfast behind their steel-rimmed glasses. His hair is receding at the sides but hangs long and a little unruly behind. He is a solidly built, slow-moving man. Slow-speaking, too, with a slight stammer now and then, not without its significance in the story of how Geoff Butler got a first hesitant foot on the long shaky ladder to artistic success.

The children of Fogo, Newfoundland, were probably less cruel, he says, than most, but as Geoff grew up there, increasingly frustrated by his verbal inadequacy, his mind took the introspective turn that is a prerequisite to any sort of artistic endeavor. He had a keen visual sense. The texture of Newfoundland rocks informs his brush fingers still. He delighted in the fanciful illustrations he found in fairy tales and books like *Treasure Island*, but it was to be many years



Geoff Butler at work

before he perceived in painting the free and satisfying expression that had been denied him in youth. Fogo offered little access to art. No paintings adorned the Butler house that Geoff can recall. It was not until he entered Memorial University in St. John's that he visited a gallery and saw "real live paintings" and caught perhaps the first faint glimmer of his destiny.

Geoff's father was an Anglican minister, and it was the prevailing atmosphere of lenient piety and social compassion, combined with the torment of his own fettered tongue, that formed Geoff's character and pointed his direction in life. By the time he was 16 he re-

belled against the unremitting ambience of religion, but the seeds were sown deep. As his horizons widened it was natural that his thoughts should turn to those who shared his affliction. After graduating in psychology at Memorial he studied speech therapy at the University of Syracuse. He practised for several years in several places, including Truro, Digby and Annapolis Royal, before the lure of visual expression completely ensnared him.

So here we find him, pushing 40, perched on the water's edge in this near-idyllic spot, producing a series of paintings that cannot be discussed for long without bandying the name of Bruegel or evoking the ghost of Goya. The series is collectively titled *The Art of War*. Thirty paintings from this series will tour the Atlantic provinces during the coming year. They will certainly arouse lively interest and controversy, for the art of Geoff Butler is *l'art engagé* with a vengeance. His paintings shock, but they also entice. They have a strange and paradoxical beauty. They elicit a series of responses as one is drawn irresistibly nearer: Uncritical approbation of color, composition, texture, followed immediately by the shock of their subject matter. Corpses abound. Mushroom clouds erupt into skies lurid with the breath of oblivion. Doomed humanity marches in futile hordes across denuded landscapes. Yet even as one studies their shapes, takes in their detail, they seem to change. Somehow the artist's touch, we discover, has transformed these horrors so that they impinge very forcibly upon the intel-

lect without unduly harrowing the emotions. And having made this discovery, one is ready to step closer and read the titles. Illumination, then, and a further gearshift in one's seeing, a total grasp of the artist's satirical, humorous intent. Almost every painting in the series is a direct or indirect thrust at the folly of war in general and of the nuclear arms race in particular.

The titles are one source of controversy. Paintings, say the purists, should speak for themselves. Most painters' titles, following



"They Died Laughing"

this tenet, are dull afterthoughts, adding nothing to one's appreciation. Geoff Butler's titles establish the satirical viewpoint, condition the mind and the eye to receive not merely the paintings' message but the full effect of their pure aesthetic power. Titles, to Butler, are "just some more paint." In other words, an integral part of the creative process. Not all the titles nor indeed all the paintings completely succeed, but the result in most cases is a work of high artistic merit with all the mordancy of a classic political cartoon. A magnificently limned goose flies with feathers aflame above the dreaded nuclear mushroom. One can almost feel the buffet of heat that seems to consume the very sky: "Our Goose is Cooking." Newspaper clippings proclaiming such wisdom as Nuclear War Winnable and Survivable, Laboratory Rats Survive Nuclear War, and Constitution Guarantees Right to Life lie scattered among a pile of grinning corpses, deprived of horror by their doll-like, colorful clownishness: "They Died Laughing." The mushroom cloud towers alone on a slab skillfully textured like granite, achieving a terrible beauty that could earn a place in one's living room: "Cave Painting, circa 20th century AD." On a more restrained note, a hammer is held down, rendered impotent by a lot of rusty nails bent over it: "The Revolt of the Masses."

The series offers a surprising variety of content, color and composition. What the paintings have in common, apart from their gentle, compassionate irony, is a somewhat naive style that is singularly appropriate. "I try to see the folly of it all," Butler says, "as a child might."

The references to Goya and Bruegel are misleading. Butler's occasional stylistic similarity to the latter is certainly not the result of any direct influence. He made no formal study of art history. From his first amateurish attempts around 1970 to the technically sophisticated works of today he has maintained a dogged independence of vision and technique. As for Goya, Butler was no doubt aware of his several series of admonitory etchings, one of which was called "Disasters of War," but if a seed was sown by them the resulting mature growth is far different in tone and execution. Goya's etchings are starkly realistic. He does not mitigate the horror of mutilated corpses to encourage calm contemplation of war's criminal futility. His brush is dipped in gall and when his titles

are ironic it is a savage irony indeed. He rages at atrocities past. Butler ridicules present follies to preclude the Armageddon impending.

And how in the midst of all this preoccupation with art and war does Geoff Butler, the husband, father and citizen fare? Welcomed into the house by Judy, his wife, one senses immediately an ambience of affectionate harmony.



"Our Goose is Cooking"

Over the years all the accommodations have been made, most of the inevitable conflicts between art and reality amicably resolved, leaving Judy unravaged and to all appearances well content. She is an attractive, brown-eyed woman with shoulder-length hair and a warm, ready smile. She smiles when she says, "Geoff always complained that there was not enough time to paint. For the past three years he has been working full-time and his work days are still not long enough." Her defence against Butler's anchoritic tendency — for he insists on solitude when working in his cluttered studio — is to work full-time as a teacher. Her job at present is the mainstay of the family income. This could change, however. After the first collective showing of his *Art of War* series at Wolfville's Carriage House Gallery, Butler sold 18 of his paintings. Judy loves her work, though, and would continue teaching even if — or rather when — Geoff "makes it big."

The marriage works, in short, with Jack Spratt congruity. Butler, by his own

admission, is not the handyman type, but Judy loves her house and garden and enjoys the work they entail. But she shares, too, his artistic enthusiasm. Her interest in painting predated their meeting. "In fact," Butler says, "one of the things that attracted me to her was that she owned the Time-Life Library of Art."

"Which I never see anymore," Judy retorts. "He keeps it in his studio."

Tegan, Kirsten and Leah, the three Butler girls, are well adjusted to the artistic milieu. They are affectionate, outgoing and alert. Their father is extremely patient with them, even when they occasionally escape the babysitter and invade his sanctuary. Tegan, at five, already reveals her father's acute visual sense and says she wants to be a painter. And even the two cats, Van Gogh and Kee, live contentedly side by side with Rembrandt in this art-dominated menage. The Butlers have been warmly received by this small community, and feel themselves very much part of it.

As I take my leave we look out across the now-flecked green hump of Fort Anne, once the scene of long and bitter war between French and English, now a peaceful retreat for tourists and lovers. Strange, I think, that with so much real beauty constantly before him, Geoff Butler should be so obsessed with the spectres of an imaginary war. But this artist, who turned to painting as a more fluent form of speech, sees his work as "one added small voice" in the rising tide of protest against the suicidal posturings of the superpowers. Demonstrations and street marches are not for him. "We each have our own way of saying what we have to say, and this is mine. You can say a lot with humor that you can't say in any other way. Once you see things in a healthy way you can act on them, and things can be changed."

"Art can be what a person wants it to be," Butler says. "I think in my own case I'm more concerned with communicating something along the narrative line. I'm prepared to live with that. But a painting should be judged as a painting, regardless of what the subject matter is. You can make a good painting out of anything at all."

Yes, and impose upon it a strange and paradoxical beauty.

These paintings are obviously going to be around — if humanity survives to appreciate them — for a very long time.

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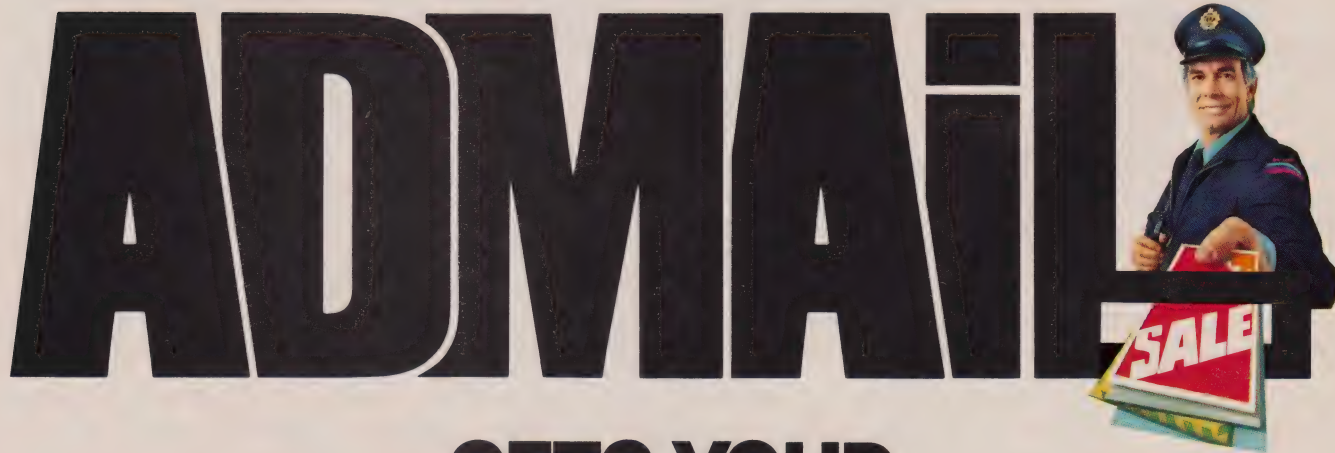
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HERITAGE

*"Will ye no come
back again?"*

The Tall Ships have gone now.

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The Tall Ships, seen moored along the wharves in the port of Halifax, looked very much at home here. Their soaring masts and yards shared air space with the towering cranes, and there was no incongruity. It looked a very comfortable arrangement.

They obviously belong in Halifax. And Sydney, Saint John, Charlottetown, and St. John's. Much as they belong in Gdynia, Bremerhaven, Caracas, or Gosport.

Was there anyone anywhere within sight of the Tall Ships this summer, who was not in some way touched by their presence? Amazed by the size? Confounded by the intricacies of the rigging? Saddened by the tragedy? Heartened by the glowing enthusiasm of the young people who sail these great wind ships?

Will they ever come back?

Of course they will. Because they must come back. If for no other reason that we can see again the heritage that once we shared. ☒

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Contest closes October 30, 1984. Winners will be notified, and winning entries published in *Atlantic Insight*.

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LIFESTYLE

"Cheering the boys (and girls) on up the pond."

The St. John's Regatta isn't just a sport; it's a national celebration.

by Morgan Annan

August in St. John's, Newfoundland, starts pretty much the way it does anywhere else in Canada. The days are warm and sleepy. The nights are quiet and hazy. People spend their free moments basking in the sun, and children rejoice, knowing that, though summer is half-over, they still have a full month to relax before school resumes. Then comes the first Wednesday of the month, and suddenly there's excitement in the air, anticipation, the feeling you get when something big is about to happen. People start to worry about the weather. Will the skies be cloudy or clear? Will the winds be calm? For this is the week of the St. John's Regatta, the oldest and most honoured water sports event in North America.

The Regatta, run on nearby Quidi Vidi Lake, is more a national celebration than a sporting event. And since New-

foundlanders are a sea-faring folk, it is fitting the Regatta takes its cue from the weather. At 8:00 am on the Wednesday of the event, the Regatta Committee meets to decide if conditions are favourable. If they are, the races go on, and the day is proclaimed a general holiday. But if the weather is unfavourable — if there's a strong wind, a rough lake, rain or heavy fog — the Regatta is postponed and everyone waits anxiously till the next day. Delays due to weather aren't cancellations in the traditional sense. Newfoundlanders have come to expect this of their Regatta, and the weather-watch is woven into the fabric of the event.

Though the Regatta officially began in 1828, early records show races occurring at least as far back as 1816, making the event over 168 years old. In those days, crews of fishermen from places like Flatrock, Middle Cove, Torbay, Pouch Cove and Placentia competed in skiffs

and dories, often against naval seamen in whaleboats. Now, standard racing shells have all but replaced the fishing boats, and the competition is open to people from all walks of life.

Other things have changed since the early days of the event. Horse and buggy no longer transport spectators to the lakeside. The long dresses and top hats have been replaced by jeans and t-shirts. And instead of salt beef, cabbage and scrunchions (fried salt pork), you're more likely to find hot dogs, hamburgers and french fries. But the crowds have not changed over the years. The races, sideshows and various forms of gambling routinely attract upwards of 30,000 people each year.

The Regatta has had its share of strife over the years. The races were cancelled in 1892 when The Great Fire practically wiped out St. John's. They were cancelled again during World War One; and again in 1940. It was only when the Armed Services expressed interest in participating to provide a diversion from the War that the Regatta Committee reinstated the event in 1941. In 1884, the boat *Terra Nova* swamped and three of her crew were drowned.

But, on the whole, the races have continued without long-term interruption of serious mishap.

The history of the Regatta is full of

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The St. John's Regatta: A national pastime.

colourful stories. In 1887, when there was great interest in the races among the fishermen, crews came from all over to take part. The seven Morrissey brothers from Placentia actually built their own boat and carried it 70 miles on their backs to the races. They entered the Fisherman's Race, won first place, and then carried the boat and trophy back to Placentia. Ever after, they were known as the "Seven Placentia Giants."

A few years later, in 1901, a crew of fishermen from Outer Cove near St. John's covered the 1.6 mile course in 9 min., 13 4/5 sec. That record held for 80 years, and the Outer Cove team

became the first boat crew to make the Newfoundland Sports Hall of Fame.

It's no simple task to row a boat that distance in nine minutes, and over the years, many hardy crews came within seconds of the record. It wasn't until 1981, which makes Outer Cove's 1901 victory all the more impressive, that a team called Smith-Stockley finally beat the record. Since that day, Smith-Stockley and Outer Cove have been bitter rivals, and every year thousands of Newfoundlanders flock to the lakeside hoping to see yet another record broken. In 1982, they were not disappointed. After a year of intensive training, the

Outer Cove team won back their lost honour, beating Smith-Stockley and setting a new course record.

This year, anywhere between 30 and 40 crews are expected to participate in mens and ladies competition. The Outer Cove team will be there. So will the Smith-Stockley crew (though many of its team-mates have changed). But in the end, the success of the Regatta will depend not on who wins or loses, but in knowing that this event is part of Newfoundland's special past, woven into the minds of a sea-faring people. And the real joy will come from cheering all the teams "up the pond."

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Why children should be seen and not heard

In which the author recounts his carefree days of youth soaping windows, baiting summer lovers and inflicting other unspeakable horrors upon his elders

A bullet hole through the cap was all the rage with us one summer, I recall. You stuck your cap on a post and drilled it from ear to ear with a .22 at close range so as to have the benefit of the powder burn, too. This was after sculpin funerals palled and sometime before we nearly snuffed poor old Mr. Parsons with a Molotov cocktail.

Our youthful amusements in those days were simple and robust. Except for a few "Windchargers" there was no electricity. The radio battery had to be spared along for the news.

Guns were in astonishing profusion and discharged all over the place with suicidal abandon. Most homes had three or four . . . a shotgun, a .22 and a .303 rifle or so. Their legitimate use was for moose, caribou and game birds but most lads could sneak them out of the house whenever the fancy moved.

They were in great demand at weddings. The thing here was to put an extra heavy load in a .12-gauge shotgun and try to knock bits out of the eaves on the church porch just as the happy couple emerged. Before one of these nuptial volleys, one of our number fell heavily into some purloined homebrew and discharged his piece through the window just as the parson was asking if there was any just cause why Emmy Lou and Arthur Wilberforce Isaiah should not be spliced.

This pitched one of the bridesmaids into hysterics and the clergy roared out the door after us like the Archangel Michael with a seizure.

It was said to be the greatest blasphemy since the time, some years before, when a cow had somehow been hoisted up inside the belfry and burst forth in bovine terror during the reading of the Second Lesson.

But we were by no means anti-religion. We took sculpin funerals quite seriously. A sculpin (for the benefit of farmers among us) is possibly the ugliest fish in creation, three-parts head and mouth and bristling with spikes. Once you catch one, a proper burial seems to be the only decent thing.

We gave our sculpins the full Church of England treatment with some elements of Salvation Army chucked in for good measure. The Established Church was represented by a chappie in a bed-

sheet while the Sally Ann "officer" whanged the bejzus out of a bread pan and played the mouth organ at the same time.

I'd read about Molotov cocktails in a book. As luck should have it, one of my tasks was to retail kerosene and gas from barrels kept in a small shed on the edge of a 40-foot cliff.

When the coast was clear, the lads would gather behind the shed with a few bottles and rags and we'd hurl the bombs to the beach below and the flash and the roar of the explosions were lovely indeed.

It was arms escalation that nearly did in poor old Mr. Parsons. He was deeply religious and wonderfully absentminded. He used to shuffle around all over the place looking down at the ground and singing hymns. This particular evening we were particularly ambitious and filled a gallon rum jar with naptha gasoline.

Just as we flung this blockbuster to the beach below, poor old Mr. Parsons came out from behind a rock singing loudly to himself about, if memory serves, "The Sweet Bye and Bye."

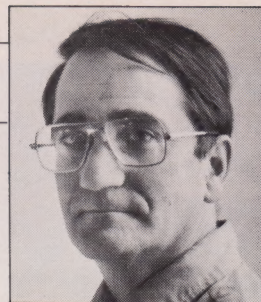
Heaven and hell came together with a dreadful boom and pillar of fire not 20 feet away from his toes. His reaction was remarkable. He looked up with the most beatific expression on his face and continued on his way singing louder than ever. Saul on the road to Damascus now had a modern counterpart.

After dark in fair weather we went "skimming." This interesting enterprise involved stalking courting couples in the age group ahead of us and pelting them with mud balls and similar as soon as they got wrapped up in their unspeakable practices. One enraged swain tore after us and gave chase for more than a mile — in his bare feet on a gravel road, naked as a jay bird.

A favorite trysting place was a net loft belonging to the father of one of our number. You could climb a ladder outside and peep in through knotholes. He felt justified in charging us an admission of five cents per head and double that amount if it was his sister and her beau getting down to cases inside.

Most of us chose to boycott his higher rates and spend the dime on a cream soda or a bag of chips instead.

Interference with livestock was also



a great juvenile pastime. Catching ponies for a bareback ride, milking goats into a tin can, lofting cats on kites. Nothing, however, beat sheep.

Nearly every family in the village kept a dozen or more sheep. You had only to catch one, attach a tin can to its tail and it drew the entire mutton population to it like a magnet. It created a woolly stampede, a snowballing effect, a growing avalanche that swept through the roads and lanes capsizing baby carriages into ditches and driving old age pensioners up the sides of fences.

On a routine basis, the law was threatened on us. Pieces of paper were waved at us which were claimed to be telegrams to the magistrate. We figured he must be up to the hips in the transgressions of his own bailiwick because he never did show up.

Mostly, you just got roared and bawled at. Some of the women had prodigious lung power and in top form on a calm day could be heard a half a mile away. We would try to drown out this litany in case our parents overheard by singing as loudly as possible, "I lost me arm in the army. . ." or some other childhood ditty.

Two or three of the older male residents, though, were gratifyingly easy to send round the twist. They'd pop their corks at the slightest provocation. You had only to sidle up while they were harnessing their horses, let us say, and dab some Sloane's liniment under the creatures' tails and they'd fly into a homicidal rage.

The best part about it was, they brought you along to your own door by the ear so often and were in such a frantic emotional state that your parents soon got bored with them and would give them little or no credit.

These jolly old grouches took top priority whenever there was a handful of firecrackers to be chucked down a chimney after the doorstep had been moved to one side.

We got away with a lot but when a true bill of indictment was brought against us the medicine handed out would have warmed the cockles of Robespierre.

Strangely, though, whenever our dear old dads loosened up and talked about their own boyhood pranks they made ours sound downright sissy.

Surely, at that rate, few if any of them would have escaped the gallows unless they tended to exaggerate as the years went by.

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THE CANADIAN SPIRIT



Glenbow Archives

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